W B Earle

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Vermont (Montpelier) Watchman and State Journal.

THE EXECUTION OF A SLAVE.

It is indeed a fearfully solemn thing to see a human being, with all his boundless capabilities and immortal destinies, launched, by the hand of his fellow-man, from the gallows into eternity, even when we know it is done in vindication of violated justice; but when every sentiment of our hearts and every instinct of our nature revolts against the punishment as undeserved, and we feel that justice has been outraged and trampled upon by the brute force of arbitrary law, then such a spectacle is something more than solemn,—like the sight of murder, it is awful, terrific. An execution of this latter character we once witnessed, and it made an impression upon our mind which time will never efface.

In the month of February, 1841, a large, valuable negro, belonging in Berkley county, Va. impelled by the cruel treatment he had long been suffering from the hands of a merciless master, resolved upon the desperate alternative of liberty or death. Accordingly he set his face towards the pole star, and, with every muscle knit and every sinew strained, he followed it night after night as a beacon lighting him on to the land of freedom. As he neared the State line, and his heart began to beat high with hope, he was overtaken by his pursuers; and when the Sheriff, who accompanied them, attempted to secure him, the horrors of the condition which again awaited him flashed across his mind, and filled him with such desperation, that he seized a knife from his bosom, and plunged it to the officer's heart. Thus freeing himself from the Sheriff's grasp, he made an almost superhuman effort to escape. But in vain. He was overpowered by numbers, dragged to the county jail, tried within a week, by a single judge, and sentenced to be executed, with but a brief fortnight in which to prepare to meet his God.

It was on a fine frosty morning of the day appointed for the execution, that we started, on horseback, in company with a young friend, for the National Capitol, a hundred miles distant, in order to be present at the Inauguration of President Harrison. As the county seat of Berkley was directly upon our route, and such a course would not materially interfere with our previous arrangements, we concluded to stop and witness the execution. A ride of twenty-five miles brought us to the spot where was to be enacted the terrible tragedy. The whole country, for leagues around, of all sexes, ages, colors, and conditions, had assembled to behold the exhibition. The scene had already opened. A company of infantry stood drawn up in front of the prison waiting to escort the death-devoted criminal to his grave. He soon made his appearance, arrayed in a white shroud, and singing with a loud full voice a psalm expressive of joy and triumph in redeeming grace. He seated himself in a wagon, upon his coffin. The soldiery formed a hollow square about him, and in a silence undisturbed by naught but his hymns of adoration and praise, he was conveyed to the place of execution, about a mile distant from the village. It was indeed a horrible spectacle—an armed funeral procession bearing a living corpse, enveloped in its winding sheet, to the damp, dark, silent grave!—That brief but terrible death-march was soon over, and with a firm step the doomed man ascended the gallows. A clergyman put up a prayer in his behalf to the throne of the Omnipotent. The poor victim of the law's revenge then turned to the crowd, among which were great numbers of his fellow-bondmen, and expressed sorrow for the deed which was now to send him into another world. He did not mean, he said, to inflict a mortal blow, but only to disable the officer, and thereby effect his escape. He forgave his enemies, expressed his belief that a just God would regard him with mercy, then sung the hymn beginning,

"When I can read my title clear,"

with more impassioned warmth and stirring pathos, than I ever heard from mortal lips before or since. The rope was then adjusted about his neck. He took his last look of the bright spotless sun which was resplendently shining down upon the awful scene; the hood was drawn over his face, and a handkerchief was given him to be dropped when he was ready to be ushered into the presence of his Eternal Judge. The multitude was hushed in breathless silence. He uttered a short fervent prayer, and as he reached the word Amen, he let go the fatal signal, and the drop fell. For an instant all eyes were riveted to the spot. But suddenly every cheek was blanched, and every heart thrilled with horror. The rope had broken! and he, whom we fondly hoped was just crossing the threshold of eternity, lay prostrate upon the earth at our feet. He was for a moment stunned by the shock; then slowly raised himself from the ground, and the cap being removed from his eyes, looked about him for a moment with a bewildered air, and then, unassisted, staggered up the steps of the scaffold. The drop was replaced. The rope, which singly had been proved too weak to sustain his weight, was doubled. To allow this to be done, he had to stand upon tip-toe! He evidently was most impatient to die, and ready to do anything to facilitate his own execution. The cap was again drawn over his face—another prayer he uttered—another fearful Amen he pronounced—the signal was again dropped—but even then the King of Terrors delayed his coming. The apparatus was out of order, and the curse of life was on him still! There he stood panting for death, and death would not come! Our very blood ran cold with horror, and we could scarcely refrain from covering our eyes and rushing from the dreadful scene! The apparatus after a few minutes, which seemed an age, was adjusted. Another prayer ascended from his lips, another Amen was spoken, and like a leaden weight he heavily swung off into the air. For a minute he remained motionless; he then struggled for a moment, and all was over. The spirit of him, who was no more a murderer at heart than any individual of the vast crowd which surrounded him, was before the bar of Jehovah. His body remained suspended about twenty minutes; a physician then ascended the scaffold, and after a thorough examination pronounced it lifeless. It was immediately cut down, huddled into its coffin, and buried near the foot of the gallows. Before nine o'clock that evening it was undergoing dissection in the hands of the physicians of the village. Thus was a poor, friendless slave killed for the satisfaction of the law, and cut up for the enlightenment of science. He fought for his liberty, and that was his crime! A glorious prelude this to the Inauguration of an American President! Within five days afterwards we were marching in procession from the Capitol to the White House behind the President and Senate, and almost every illustrious man of the nation, to the inspiring tune of our national lyric:

> Hail Columbia! Happy land,
> Hail ye heroes, heaven born band,
> Who fought and bled for freedom's cause!

This is indeed a great country, and ours a wonderful age!

Pro-Slavery.

GOVERNOR HAMMOND'S LETTER ON SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

(*Continued.*)

You charge us with looking on our slaves "as chattels or brutes," and enter into a somewhat elaborate argument to prove that they have "human forms," "talk," and even "think." Now the fact is that, however you may indulge in this strain for effect, it is the Abolitionists, and not the slaveholders, who practically, and in the most important point of view, regard our slaves as "chattels or brutes." In your calculations of the consequences of emancipation, you pass over entirely those which must prove most serious, and which arise from the fact of their being *persons*. You appear to think that we might abstain from the use of them as readily as if they were machines to be laid aside, or cattle that might be turned out to find pasturage for themselves. I have heretofore glanced at some of the results that would follow from breaking the bonds of so many *human beings* now peacefully and happily linked into our social system. The tragic horrors, the decay and ruin that would for years, perhaps for ages, brood over our land, if it could be accomplished, I will not attempt to portray. But do you fancy the blight would, in such an event, come to us alone! The diminution of the sugar crop of the West Indies affected Great Britain only, and there chiefly the poor. It was a matter of no moment to Capital, that Labor should have one comfort less. Yet it has forced a reduction of the British duty on sugar. Who can estimate the consequences that must follow the annihilation of the cotton crop of the slaveholding States? I do not undervalue the importance of other articles of commerce, but no calamity could befall the world at all comparable to the sudden loss of two millions of bales of cotton annually. From the deserts of Africa to the Siberian wilds—from Greenland to the Chinese Wall—there is not a spot of earth but would feel the sensation. The factories of Europe would fall with a concussion that would shake down castles, palaces, and even thrones; while the "purse-proud elbowing insolence" of our Northern monopolists would disappear forever under the smooth speech of the pedlar, scouring our frontiers for a livelihood, or the bluff vulgarity of the South Sea whaler, following the harpoon amid storms and shoals. Doubtless the Abolitionists think we could grow cotton without slaves, or that at worst the reduction of the crop would be moderate and temporary. Such gross delusions show how profoundly ignorant they are of our condition here.

You declare that "the character of the people of the South has long been that of *hardened Infidels*, who fear not God, and have no regard for religion." I will not repeat what I said in my former letter on this point. I only notice it to ask you how you could possibly reconcile it to your profession of a Christian spirit, to make such a malicious charge; to defile your soul with such a calumny against an unoffending people?

> "You are old;
> Nature in you stands on the very verge
> Of her confine. You should be ruled and led
> By some discretion."

May God forgive you.

Akin to this, is the wanton and furious assault made on us by Mr. MACAULAY, in his late speech on the sugar duties, in the House of Commons, which has just reached me. His denunciations are wholly without measure, and among other things he asserts "that Slavery in the United States wears its worst form; that, boasting of our civilization, freedom, and frequenting Christian churches, we breed up slaves, nay, beget children for slaves, and sell them at so much a head." Mr. Macaulay is a reviewer, and he knows that he is "nothing if not critical." The practice of his trade has given him the command of all the slashing and vituperative phrases of our language, and the turn of his mind leads him to the habitual use of them. He is an author, and as no copy-right law secures for him from this country a consideration for his writings, he is not only independent of us, but naturally hates everything American. He is the Representative of Edinburg; it is his cue to decry our Slavery, and in doing so he may safely indulge the malignity of his temper, his indignation against us, and his capacity for railing. He has suffered once, for being in advance of his time in favor of abolition, and he does not intend that it shall be forgotten, or his claim passed over to any crumb which may now be thrown to the vociferators in the cause. If he does not know that the statements he has made respecting the slaveholders of this country are vile and atrocious falsehoods, it is because he does not think it worth his while to be sure he speaks the truth, so that he speaks to his own purpose.

"Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane caveto."

Such exhibitions as he has made may draw the applause of a British House of Commons, but among the sound and high-minded thinkers of the world, they can only excite contempt and disgust.

But you are not content with depriving us of all religious feelings. You assert that our Slavery has also "demoralized the Northern States," and charge upon it not only every common violation of good order there, but the "Mormon murders," the "Philadelphia riots," and all "the exterminating wars against the Indians." I wonder that you did not increase the list by adding that it had caused the recent inundation of the Mississippi, and the hurricane in the West Indies—perhaps the insurrection of Rebecca, and the war in Scinde. You refer to the law prohibiting the transmission of abolition petitions through the mail, as proof of general corruption! You could not do so, however, without noticing the late detected espionage over the British Post-office by a Minister of State. It is true, as you say, it "occasioned a general outburst of national feeling"—from the opposition; and a "Parliamentary inquiry was instituted?" that is moved, but treated quite cavalierly. At all events, though the fact was admitted, Sir James Graham yet retains the Home Department. For one, I do not undertake to condemn him. Such things are not against the laws and usages of your country. I do not know fully what reasons of State may have influenced him and justified his conduct. But I do know that there is a vast difference in point of "national morality" between the discretionary power residing in your Government to open any letter in the public post-office, and a well-defined and limited law to prevent the circulation of certain specified incendiary writings by means of the United States Mail.

Having now referred to everything like argument on the subject of Slavery that is worthy of notice in your letter, permit me to remark on its tone and style, and very extraordinary bearing upon other institutions of this country. You commence by addressing certain classes of our people as belonging to "a nation whose character is *now so low* in the estimation of the civilized world;" and throughout you maintain this tone. Did the Americans who were "under your roof last summer," inform you that such language would be gratifying to their fellow-citizens, "having no practical concern with slaveholding?" Or do the infamous libels on America which you read in our abolition papers, induce you to believe that all that class of people are, like the Abolitionists themselves, totally destitute of patriotism or pride of country? Let me tell you that you are grossly deceived. And although your stock-brokers and other speculators, who have been bitten in American ventures, may have raised a stunning "cry" against us in England, there is a vast body of people here, besides slaveholders, who justly

> "Deem their own land of every land the pride,
> Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside."

And who *know* that at this moment we rank among the first powers of the world—a position which we not only claim, but are always ready and able to maintain.

The style you assume in addressing your Northern friends, is in perfect keeping with your apparent estimation of them. Though I should be the last, perhaps, to criticise mere style, I could not but be struck with the extremely simple manner of your letter. You seem to have thought you were writing a tract for benighted Heathen, and telling wonders never before suggested to their imagination, and so far above their untutored comprehension, as to require to be related in the primitive language of "the child's own book." This is sufficiently amusing; and would be more so but for the coarse and bitter epithets you continually apply to the poor slaveholders—epithets which appear to be stereotyped for the use of Abolitionists, and which form a large and material part of all their arguments.

But perhaps the most extraordinary part of your letter, is your bold denunciation of "*the shameful compromises*" of our Constitution, and your earnest recommendation to those you address, to overthrow or revolutionize it. In so many words you say to them, "*you must either separate yourselves* from all political connection with the South, and make your own laws; or if you do not choose such a separation, you must break up *the political ascendancy which the Southern have had for so long a time over the Northern States.*" The italics in this, as in all other quotations, are your own. It is well for those who circulate your letter here, that the Constitution you denounce, requires an overt act to constitute treason. It may be tolerated for an American by birth to use on his own soil the freedom of speaking and writing which is guarantied to him, and abuse our Constitution, our Union, and our people. But that a foreigner should use such seditious language, in a Circular Letter addressed to a portion of the American people, is a presumption well calculated to excite the indignation of all. The party known in this country as the abolition party has long since avowed the sentiments you express, and adopted the policy you enjoin. At the recent Presidential election they gave over sixty-two thousand votes for their own candidate, and held the balance of power in two of the largest States—wanting but little of doing it in several others. In the last four years their vote has quadrupled. Should the infatuation continue, and their vote increase in the same ratio in the next four years, it will be as large as the vote of the *actual slaveholders* of the Union. Such a prospect is doubtless extremely gratifying to you. It gives hope of a contest on such terms as may insure the downfall of Slavery or our Constitution.—The South venerates the Constitution, and is prepared to stand by it forever, *such as it came from the hands of our fathers;* to risk everything to defend and maintain it *in its integrity.* But the South is under no such delusion as to believe that it derives any *peculiar* protection from the Union. On the contrary, it is well known we incur *peculiar danger*, and that we bear far more than our proportion of the burdens. The apprehension is also fast fading away, that any of the dreadful consequences commonly predicted, will necessarily result from a separation of the States. And *come what may*, we are firmly resolved that OUR SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC SLAVERY SHALL STAND. The fate of the Union, then, but thank God not of Republican Government, rests mainly in the hands of the people to whom your letter is addressed, the "professing Christians of the Northern States having no concern with slaveholding," and whom, with incendiary zeal, you are endeavoring to stir up to strife—without which fanaticism can neither live, move, nor have any being.

We have often been taunted for our sensitiveness in regard to the discussion of Slavery. Do not suppose it is because we have any doubts of our rights, or scruples about asserting them. There was a time when such doubts and scruples were entertained.—Our ancestors opposed the introduction of slaves into this country, and a feeling averse to it was handed down from them. The enthusiastic love of liberty fostered by our Revolution strengthened this feeling. And before the commencement of the abolition agitation here, it was the common sentiment that it was desirable to get rid of Slavery. Many thought it our duty to do so. When that agitation arose we were driven to a close examination of the subject in all its bearings, and the result has been an *universal conviction* that in holding slaves we violate no law of God,—inflict no injustice on any of his creatures—while the terrible consequences of emancipation to all parties, and the world at large, clearly revealed to us, make us shudder at the bare thought of it. The slaveholders are therefore indebted to the Abolitionists for perfect ease of conscience, and the satisfaction of a settled and unanimous determination in reference to this matter.—And could their agitation cease now, I believe after all, the good would preponderate over the evil of it in this country. On the contrary, however, it is urged on with frantic violence, and the Abolitionists, reasoning in the abstract, as if it were a mere moral and metaphysical speculation, or a minor question in politics, professed to be surprised at our exasperation. In their ignorance and recklessness, they seem to be unable to comprehend our feelings or position. The subversion of our rights, the destruction of our property, the disturbance of our peace, and the peace of the world, are matters which do not appear to arrest their consideration. When Revolutionary France proclaimed "Hatred to Kings and unity to the Republic," and inscribed on her banners, "France risen against Tyrants," she professed to be only worshipping "abstract rights." And if there can be such things, perhaps she was. Yet all Europe *rose* to put her sublime theories down. They declared her an enemy to the common peace; that her doctrines alone violated the "law of neighborhood," and, as Mr. Burke said, justly entitled them to anticipate the "damnum nondum factum" of the civil law. Danton, Barrere, and the rest, were apparently astonished that umbrage should be taken.—The parallel between them and the Abolitionists holds good in all respects.

(*To be continued.*)

Selections.

From the Daily Spy.

FIRST OF AUGUST IN LEICESTER.

MR. EDITOR: The Eleventh anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies was not forgotten in Leicester. A day which brought deliverance from the worst of earthly despotisms to eight hundred thousand human beings was, we hope, remembered by every friend of universal liberty everywhere. Our calendar has room for many more such days of jubilee. Our memories would not be overtaxed, if they could be numbered by tens instead of units. Be the future what it may, we cannot be otherwise than devoutly thankful, that such a day with its instructive and blessed teachings has a place in the world's history. That these lessons may have their fit influence, may it ever be kept as a day sacred to freedom until Slavery shall have passed from the earth!

The exercises in Leicester began at 11 o'clock, in the Unitarian Church. After reading of selections from the scriptures by Rev. Mr. May, and prayer by Mr. Whitney, short addresses were made by Rev. A. Ballard, of Milford, Mr. Henry, of Northampton, and Wendell Phillips, of Boston, which occupied the time until a few minutes past twelve.

The congregation then adjourned to the Town Hall, where bountiful and rich provision had been made for the occasion by the ladies of Leicester, aided by others not of Leicester. A blessing was asked by Rev. Mr. Peck, of Grafton. During the repast we were much cheered and delighted with several anti-slavery songs, which were sung by Mr. J. Lincoln and daughters, of Northboro'.

A little after one, the company returned to the church. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. C. Clark, of Leicester, after which there were addresses by W. Phillips, J. O. Burleigh, of Grafton, A. Ballard, and Messrs. Stacy and Whitney, of Hopedale, Mr. Lincoln, of Northboro', Dr. Hudson, of Northampton, J. M. Fiske, of W. Brookfield, Rev. S. May, and W. B. Earle, of Leicester.

Several times in the course of the services there was singing by the choir in the church. About 5 o'clock, after a benediction, the meeting was dissolved. The day was as beautiful as could have been desired, and the attendance as large as there was room for.

All seemed happy. They had reason to rejoice that such an opportunity had been improved by them for the gratification of their moral, intellectual, and social natures.

To those who may have heard Wendell Phillips, it will be enough to say that his speech on this occasion, was worthy of him. For more than two hours he commanded the closest attention of all his auditors. He demonstrated, so far as facts and figures can demonstrate anything, the entire safety of Immediate Emancipation. In the West Indies every step had been in advance since that event. By statistics it appears there has been a very great increase in the number of marriages; of churches; and of schools; facts which triumphantly prove the moral results of freedom. The exports were shewn to have increased after the first year of freedom, from year to year. In some of the Islands, particularly in Jamaica, great injustice has been done the emancipated by unequal and unjust laws, passed by their legislative assemblies. One instance, as an illustration, may be referred to here. It is in the words of the Rev. William Knibb, of Jamaica, a Baptist missionary. "The moment the emancipated population began to build, they took off the tax upon the white-oak and the red-oak staves, with which puncheons are made to hold rum and hogsheads to hold sugar, and they also took the tax off the hoops with which they are bound. Before the introduction of freedom, the duty on staves was 12s.; they kindly reduced the duty to 2s. The tax on wooden hoops was 4s.; and that was reduced to 1s. The former tax on shingles, with which we cover our roofs, was 1s.; but that has been raised to 4s. and 8s. Now that the negro is beginning to build, it is 8s. and 12s. There is as much wood in one red-oak stave as in two shingles; so that while the planter was to pay 2s. for the same, coming from the same country, the emancipated laborer has to pay 24s. And this is but a fair specimen of the whole of the new tariff."

Mr. P. gave a vivid sketch of the anti-slavery movement in England from the time when twelve men, "half of whom were Quakers," met in 1787, to consider what could be done to abolish Slavery and the Slave-Trade, to that day when the voice of the nation exacted of Parliament West India Emancipation.

The position of the great ecclesiastical bodies in our own country, on the great question of the age was pointed out, not in a spirit of bitterness, but in tones at once, of sorrow and earnest remonstrance. Our political relations were also briefly considered.

No attempt has been made to report Mr. P. in what has been said above. I have noted only a few of his thoughts, and not in the order be presented them.

Many who heard him are not satisfied with the conclusions to which he came as to their political duty; but those who did not, as well as those who did, agree with him in all respects, will alike bear witness, that it has rarely been their lot to listen to an address which contained so much that was eloquent, instructive, and elevating.

From the American Review.

CASES OF CONSCIENCE.—POLITICAL ABOLITIONISM.

The framers of our National Constitution, and the people who adopted it, undoubtedly felt that the unavoidable imperfections of language might give rise to doubts respecting the true meaning of certain portions, and they therefore established, as part of the Constitution itself, an appropriate tribunal for its interpretation. This tribunal was designed as the national representative, as much so as the legislature or the executive; so that according to the true theory of our Government, its decisions once made are *ipso facto* the decisions of the nation, pronounced in the only legal and constitutional way. They are to be regarded as the supreme law, until, if found inconvenient, they shall be remedied in the only method pointed out in the Constitution for its own amendment. This tribunal, it is true, might err—for it was a human institution—but in such a case, the nation, whose agent it is for this specific purpose, is supposed, by the fundamental compact, to which all in theory assent, to endorse its errors, and to make them part of the supreme law, until remedied in the method to which allusion has been made.

Such was the original scheme of our Constitution, and such the plan designed for its successful action. It was a scheme founded not only upon the soundest principles of political science, but also upon a healthy and unsophisticated common sense. It was the only possible resource against continual anarchy and revolution. When viewed in this light, we had some reason to boast of having a written frame of government, and to regard ourselves as superior, in this respect, to those comparatively free States whose constitutions were founded upon a long series of unwritten precedents and decisions. We would ask, however, whether experience has not shown that we have not such grounds for triumph in this respect as we fondly imagined? Has it not proved that the written, not through any intrinsic obscurity, but by the depravity and blindness of those upon whom it is to operate, may possess as much uncertainty and instability as the unwritten?

The Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, should, according to a sound theory, become the *national mind*—the same to the State that the individual soul is to the body. It should be that through which the nation *thinks and wills*, whilst no other public sentiment or public will is to be regarded as of any validity or entitled to any respect. Its justice, at least so far as interpretation is concerned, should be the national justice—its principles the *national conscience.* But paper and parchment never can effect this. Time alone is the great agent in the accomplishment of such a result. With us, however, the difficulty is, that this time cannot be allowed. Every man's private judgment, not only of what the Constitution actually does mean, but also of what *it ought* to be, is to be set off against the voice of the *whole nation* as expressed through *its* judiciary. In England, the fundamental law arose out of chaos, and in the course of centuries has grown to something like regular form and consistency. Our's, on the other hand, commenced in what we boasted of as certainty, and yet has every year been drifting farther and farther away into the tohu and bohu of unsettled interpretation, of private judgment, and individual responsibility. We will not give it time to strike its roots into the earth. We have acted like the foolish child in the fable, who pulled up his bean plant every morning, to see whether it had grown any during the night, until he finally so far destroyed all vitality as to prevent its ever becoming fixed in the soil.

The first serious injury inflicted upon the growth and expansion of this tender plant, consisted in departing from the only true mode of interpretation, namely, the plain grammatical meaning of language, and substituting certain arbitrary rules in its stead. Hence the doctrine of *strict construction* in reference to those objects to which the makers of this rule see fit to apply it, and of liberal construction in regard to others. The next blow was the encouraging, on the part of some of our highest functionaries, of a mean, malignant, and demagogue spirit towards the tribunal which the Constitution had intrusted with its own interpretation. As a natural consequence, this was followed by the extravagant claim which was carried to its height during the disastrous administration of Andrew Jackson,—namely, that the chief executive, and by parity of reasoning, every subordinate executive and legislative officer (for they too had consciences and had taken oaths) must support the Constitution, as he in his individual wisdom might understand it. All this, we say, was for conscience' sake. These most conscientious souls might, forsooth, be led into error by following the opinions of such men as Marshall and others, whose lives had been devoted to the study of constitutional law, and who were as far as possible removed from the heat of party strife. It was far better, they thought, to trust the cool and unbiased judgment of a president or a secretary, daily engaged in the hottest and most unhallowed contentions of political warfare.

It has, however, been reserved for Abolitionists, and especially their chief, James G. Birney, to discover and act upon a method of interpretation which throws this doctrine of General Jackson utterly into the shade. It opens an entirely new chapter in political and moral philosophy.

General Jackson was willing to execute the Constitution as he understood it; yet still it was the Constitution, whole and entire, according to such understanding. James Birney also is willing to assume this solemn obligation. He is ready to take the oath without reserve or qualification, and yet assures us, in his letter to Mr. Shapter, that he should not execute certain parts of the Constitution, because he deems them repugnant to national justice. He does not mean to maintain that instrument, and laws made in pursuance thereof, as it really is, or as it may be interpreted by the national judiciary, or even as he himself may understand its provisions as now existing. What, then, does he intend to do? He swears to support the Constitution as *it is*, and yet means to execute it, not as *it is*, but as he thinks *it ought to be.*

Truly this may be called by way of distinction *the conscientious age.* Here is a deadly blow at the very roots of all moral obligation, an utter contempt of all the sanctions of an oath, and yet this is all on the score of conscience. There was nothing so unblushing in any of the iniquities of that abominable school whose enormities were exposed by Pascal. They vehemently denied the imputation in which Mr. Birney so openly glories. We may regard slavery to be as great an evil as we can well imagine, still, even in the most frightful picture of the most exaggerating Abolitionist, it is not to be placed in the scale with the demoralizing effects of such a sentiment as this. Cruelty and oppression carry with them their own moral antidotes, but who ever assails or trifles with the sanctions of the oath, attacks the foundations of all truth and all morality. The soundest political writers and historians, whether of ancient or modern times, have ever regarded a low estimate of the solemn obligations of the oath as one of the surest signs of a corrupt and degenerate age. The stern historian Livy most strikingly presents it as the great contrasting distinction between the religious integrity of the ancient and the atheistic licentiousness of the later Rome. *There had not yet come,* (he says,) *that negligence of religious obligation, nor did each individual man, by interpreting oaths and laws according to his own wishes, force them into an accommodation with himself, but rather accommodated his own manners and habits to the law and the oath. Nec interpretando sibi quisque jusjurandum et leges aptas faciebat, sed suos potius mores ad leges et jusjurandum accommodabat.*[*]

For the better understanding of some of the points connected with this serious charge against Mr. Birney and his conscientious followers, it should be borne in mind, that there are in this country two distinct kinds of Abolitionists. The one class may be styled, for distinction's sake, the Garrison, or Boston Abolitionists, the other, the followers of Birney, Smith, and Stewart, or as they style themselves,—the Liberty Party. Without dwelling upon the trifling causes which produced the separation, it may be said that the Garrison portion at that time was generally regarded as the most fanatical, and the most dangerous. We believe, however, that the opposite of this is the truth. From a careful study of both societies and all their extravagances, we are satisfied that there is far more of moral principle in the eastern than in the western branch of these misguided fanatics. Setting out from those premises which they both hold in common, the former, with a rigid consistency, which, in itself, and aside from all other considerations, is entitled to our admiration, have gone on, step by step, without flinching at the conclusions to which they saw themselves inevitably advancing, until they have finally arrived at theories utterly subversive of all civil government. Whatever may be their faults, they have certainly shown themselves most acute logicians. There is some moral merit in consistency of reasoning, and the men who are jealous of such consistency, are not utterly and irremediably depraved. Their great cry is moral power, and they therefore most consistently eschew all political action. The others, too, are often inclined to mount this old hobby, yet as though struck with the worst repugnance between any true ideas of moral power and some of the abominable principles which they openly profess, they have of late years been more especially known as the advocates of political action. Occasionally they would exhibit their *moral power* in assailing such men as Mr. Frelinghuysen, as in that canting letter of Jay, just before the last election; but the thought of Sabbaths prostituted to the lowest political purposes, their incessant abuse of some of the purest men in our land, and their strange doctrine respecting an appeal to Heaven, closes their mouths and prevents their saying much on this once trite and favorite topic. The Boston section have several times gone through the ridiculous farce of dissolving the Union by resolution. The others profess to adhere to the Constitution, and claim, in this respect, a superiority to their more fanatical brethren on the score of attachment to law and order, and existing institutions. No pretence, however, could be more unfounded. They have been stigmatized by the Garrison Abolitionists as the most unprincipled and dangerous party in the country; and a careful examination of their proceedings for the last few years must produce a conviction that these witnesses from their own ranks, are true. The followers of Garrison and Abby Kelley disclaim all regard for the Union, and by so doing have rendered themselves harmless. They declare that the house is infected, and therefore, like consistent lunatics, profess to have left the premises. The adherents of Birney, Smith, and Stewart, remain in the building, but only for the purpose of setting it on fire.

To drop the figure, the latter are unceasing in their attacks upon certain provisions, which every man, who prizes in the least a reputation for candor, must admit to be prominent parts of our national Constitution. Some of these they endeavor to explain away by a sophistry which would annihilate all distinction of the legal and illegal, of the right and the wrong, of the true and the false. Interpretations are forced upon other parts, such as never entered into the conceptions of any brain before they were broached by Alvan Stewart. Yet still, with all their efforts, some clauses remain too stubborn to yield to any strain of their sophistical machinery. In spite of every torturing effort, the Constitution is confessed, even by them, to contain a provision for the arrest and return of fugitive slaves. Now, these men of conscience have formed associations for doing acts in direct violation of this provision. Their eastern brethren, released by their political position of alienation from the Union, can pursue in comparative freedom those annual logomachies with which at each returning anniversary they amuse the public. They can evaporate their moral power, and let off their moral steam, in railing at the clergy, the Church, and the State. The other section have more serious work to perform. They are to contrive ways and means to reconcile intended perjury to their most squeamish and delicate consciences. As private individuals they might get along with a tolerable degree of consistency, yielding support to the laws when deemed right, and quietly keeping aloof, or interposing only a negative resistance, when they seemed to demand a violation of conscience. *They* may abstain from holding office. But others of them have more ambition. Their main object being to thwart that one of the two great political parties which is the most northern in its influence and its measures, they too must set a-going a political organization. Hence they must have candidates; and hence, too, the very serious question must arise, how these candidates can conscientiously swear to maintain and execute the laws and Constitution of the United States when they are not only warmly opposed to some of its provisions, as morally wrong, but have actually been engaged, and intend for the future to be engaged, in efforts for their direct violation.

The Garrison section, whose advance position enables them to see clearly the whole ground, charge them with inconsistency. To every unsophisticated conscience it presents all the features of intended perjury. They themselves feel the pressure. Conscience, though blinded by sophistry, is not utterly palsied, and hence the late effort of James G. Birney, the individual most deeply involved in this difficulty, to wipe out the stain which must inevitably sully whatever reputation he may yet possess as a citizen, a Christian, and, above all, as a moralist of that high order which he assumes in his bitter denunciations of all who hesitate in adopting, to the full extent, all his most ultra opinions.

To show that we do no injustice to Mr. Birney, we present in a note, an extract from his letter to Mr. Shapter.[*]

In respect to the argument which he attempts to found upon the practice of courts, in declaring laws unconstitutional, we make no comment. Every reader, of ordinary common sense, may see its utter inapplicability. No court that we ever heard of, has ever yet assumed to declare any part of the Constitution itself, under which its own powers were established, unconstitutional. When they make such a decision in respect to a law, they are discharging under oath their appointed duty. They are *sworn*, truly to *interpret* the laws. Mr. Birney, if he ever becomes President, must take an oath faithfully to *maintain* and *execute* them. All that need be said on this point is, that if he undertake to discharge the functions of the judiciary, he violates his oath, and commits perjury. The ground then assumed by him, is not one of interpretation. It is admitted that there are certain things in the Constitution, and more in laws based upon the Constitution, which he would not only refuse to execute, but would directly violate. In other words, he most expressly maintains, that a man may rightfully swear to do certain acts, some of which he feels at the time to be morally wrong, and this on the ground, that when he takes the oath, he has no *intention* to perform the parts referred to, although no qualification or open reservation was annexed. Let him say what he will, it is a principle which the worst of men would repudiate, and have repudiated. It is nothing else, than the old, stale, universally abhorred, and abominable doctrine of *mental reservation.* He does not mean, forsooth, to do any acts which are immoral and unjust! why then does he swear to do them? Does he intend to except them from being included in the declaration! Why then does he not make a qualification, or reserve accordingly?

To set this matter in a clear light, we will present the different aspects under which the obligations of a promissory oath may be viewed. Ethical authorities have generally concurred, with great uniformity, in this matter, because they have only presented the unavoidable conclusions of the common sense, or rather conscience of mankind. The cases are—

1st. When a man takes an oath to do certain acts, all or some of which, become *impossible*, or are subsequently discovered to have been impossible, at the time.

2d. When the one who takes the oath, finds that he was honestly mistaken as to the facts, and that therefore, under a misapprehension, he has, in the letter, sworn to do what was, at the time, utterly absent from his thoughts.

3d. When it is subsequently discovered that the doing of the act, although included in the original intention, will involve a violation of previous or higher moral obligation—such view, through negligence or ignorance, not having presented itself to the mind, when the oath was taken.

Now, in all these cases, most ethical writers regard a man as absolved from his oath. There may be some doubt, in regard to the second, where there is supposed to be only a mistake of facts, the knowledge of which might have prevented the original taking, but which would require no breach of moral obligation in the performance. A true and rigid morality would seem to require it, as the *safe rule*, that, in such case, performance should not be excused, on the plea of ignorance, even although such ignorance arose from the designed misrepresentation of the imposer. The principle might be different in regard to contracts unsworn; but the solemnity of the oath, by which *the Deity is made a party*, would seem to give rise to a higher view of its binding power. It is on this ground, that the Scriptures commend the man, who "*sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.*" In all such cases, too, in which the party would be regarded as absolved, the guilt, if any, would be viewed as attaching to the taking of the oath, and not to its non-performance.

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[*] Livy, Hist. III. 20.

[*] "Such parts of the Constitution as are opposed to the law of God, to common justice, to humanity, to good morals, I reject as no part of that instrument. I should have no hesitation in '*affirming*' to support the *Constitution of Government*, while I should be prepared, indeed consider myself bound, to disregard any immoral provisions that might be found in it. A law is passed by the Legislature of New-York, chartering the Tradesman's Bank. It contains, it may be, some fifty sections. One or more of them, in some litigated question, is discovered by the tribunal, before whom it is brought, for adjudication, to be opposed to the Constitution of the State. The court does not hesitate to pronounce such sections void, while it maintains the validity of the others.

"The Constitution of the United States is a Constitution of Government. Governments have no right to ordain what is immoral or unjust. Morals and Justice, make the only allowable basis of government. There is no other basis. Government is intended to secure natural rights—to enable those who are subject to it, to perfect their happiness, and make themselves, in all good and proper things, what they are capable of being made. Injustice is opposed to the object of all rightful government, and can never constitute one of its elements.

"I cannot but think, that on further examination of this subject, you will accord with me. I should be gratified, if it should turn out so, for I remember your person, the estimation in which you were held, and the very able articles to which you have referred me.

With much respect,
Very truly, your ob't. serv't.,
JAMES G. BIRNEY."

(*To be continued.*)

From the Watchman of the Valley.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S EMANCIPATED SLAVES.

DAYTON, July, 1845

Dear Brother Benton:—I have had an interesting interview with Judge Lee, of Virginia, the Executor of John Randolph's will,—a will which bequeathed freedom to nearly four hundred slaves. But a prize, so eagerly coveted by the heirs, as two hundred thousand dollars worth of human flesh, could not be relinquished without a severe struggle. Randolph, aware of this, had guarded his will which manumitted them, with all possible care, against infraction. Thanks to a kind Providence, his fortification proved impregnable. After running the gauntlet of a pertinacious litigation for nearly ten long years, "the poor creatures have at length escaped the clutches of cupidity, and had their right to freedom established by the highest judicial power of the State.

It was one of Randolph's eccentricities, to stipulate that no bonds should be required of his Executor, for the faithful execution of his trust. There was, perhaps, after all more wisdom than caprice, in such a stipulation. The executor would be likely to feel himself under the most sacred obligation, as a man of probity and honor, to be faithful, not merely to his legal trust, but to the wishes of the departed friend who thus confided in him. The oppressive anxiety which the venerable and amiable Judge evidently feels, to make the best possible provision for them, furnishes gratifying evidence that Randolph's confidence was not misplaced.

His present care is to find a suitable location for them, where they can have legal protection, social and educational privileges, and the means of support. Were he to be governed by his own judgment, he would prefer Liberia. But he had no thought of sending them there: 1st. because they were unwilling to go: and 2d. because their master had requested that they might not be sent there. Virginia law, from which no dispensation in their favor could be obtained, would not permit them to remain on the soil, and his only alternative, therefore, was to find a location for them in a free State. A cruel Government that must be, which, for no crime or allegation, banishes its *native* subjects from her territory, simply because, by the necessary operation of her own laws, they are made free with a colored skin!

These negroes are, of course, of all ages and sexes. A legacy of $25,000 left to them, after defraying the expenses of litigation, will furnish them a farm of forty acres to each family, with a cabin and the necessary fixtures and utensils for cultivating it. Judge Lee, as a faithful guardian, is scrutinizing the laws and the popular feeling of the free States. The cause of his greatest present anxiety is, the possibility of their being molested by invidious laws, and a still more invidious public feeling. The black laws of our own State, he fears, though assured by every one he meets that they never have been, and never can be enforced. Of the alledged power of public sentiment against them, he has not discovered the evidence which he hoped to find. In travelling in public conveyances, he had witnessed a feeling of unkindness towards the negro, which was unexpected, and which was far worse than anything known to exist in his own State.

The Judge had made also another discovery, by travelling in the free States,—which was, that the general opposition to Slavery at the North, was more the result, as he judged, of a supposed collision of slaveholding and non-slaveholding interests, than of compassion for the suffering slave. An excellent touchstone this to decide the character of Northern Anti-Slavery benevolence, much of which, I fear, tried by this test, would turn out to be spurious.

I could not but acknowledge to him that this was evidently the most prominent ground of Northern opposition to Southern Slavery, that which a stranger would first discover; but that a more extensive acquaintance would develop a deep-seated and growing opposition, of a more benevolent character.

Mr. Lee, after making the acquaintance of certain conspicuous political men, was introduced, by some of them, to the Abolitionists, as the class best able to answer his various queries. From their cordial sympathy with him, in his humane service, he must have concluded that they were not altogether of that tiger race, in which both their Southern and Northern opposers have been wont to class them.

Communications.

Letter from Ohio.

Rowenna, Portage Co. Aug. 1845.

FRIEND GAY:—Since the last time I wrote you, our course has been principally through Ashtabula and Portage, although we have held a few meetings in towns in the adjoining counties. On the 4th of July, and the day following, Abby Kelley, B. S. Jones, and myself, were at Jefferson, Ashtabula county, the residence of J. R. Giddings, and held meetings with large audiences. The second day, no church in the place would contain the people, and we held forth from the Court House steps; much interest was awakened, and our views were listened to with more calmness than we expected; indeed, we have found thus far through the Reserve, much Anti-Slavery feeling in the breasts of *the people*, a strong hatred of Slavery, and desire to be free in every way from its influence, although, unfortunately, the great majority vainly hope the object can best be obtained by the success of the *Whig party*. While in Jefferson, we were cordially treated by Mr. Giddings, and he seemed desirous that people should hear our views, although, of course, he could not adopt our *measures*. Would that he might take *one more* step, vacate his seat in Congress *voluntarily*, and repudiate all allegiance and sanction to the bloody compact; all that a member of any *Constitutional* party could do against Slavery, Mr. Giddings has done on the floor of Congress, and the only way in which he could bear a stronger testimony of abhorrence of Slavery, would be to refuse to legislate with man-stealers. We have found on the Reserve, a strong tincture of New England bigotry; the same *cold*, *stern* influence, that, in the land of Blue Laws, frowns upon anything that would take away from the *tithes* of the modern pharisees, or teach the people to bear one another's burdens, and love their neighbor as themselves. Yet its influence is far less strong than in the East; there is more readiness to hear, more openness to conviction, and the power of a corrupt priesthood is not quite as great. The 6th of July, (Sunday.) we met in a beautiful grove in Geneva, 10 miles west of Jefferson, and with some eight hundred persons discussed the Church question through the day.

At Unionville, near Geneva, we held a very interesting meeting the three following days, and from thence passed through Windsor, Parkman, and Garretsville, stopping three days in each place; our gatherings all large. In Garretsville, especially, a warm interest was awakened. On Sunday some fifteen hundred persons were present in a grove, Isaac Winans, the Congregational clergyman, having adjourned his meeting to be with the *humanity* meeting. Our stay in this place, and the discussions in the meeting, created considerable interest, so much that a meeting has since been held to form an Anti-Slavery Society, on what basis the Society is formed I know not; but the fact of such a measure shows at least an awakened interest. At Marlborough, Stark county, on the 1st of August, a large number of people were present, and through the two following days constant accessions were coming in, so that on the third day there were some twenty-five hundred. The character and merits of the Liberty party and the Constitution were taken up, which called out a long speech from Isaac Pierce, formerly of your city, now a resident of Marlborough.

From Marlborough, Stephen S. Foster, (who joined us some four weeks since,) Abby Kelley, and myself, went to Akron, and held a three days' meeting. The town is a commercial and manufacturing one, and of course the people too much absorbed in business to be strongly Anti-Slavery, but the residents in the vicinity came to hear willingly. At Cleveland, through the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, we held meetings through the day and evenings. On the first day the attendance was small, and not much interest awakened; but the house was crowded to overflowing the last two days, and the topic of discussion in the streets and places of resort was the Anti-Slavery question.

S. S. Foster and Abby Kelley, left Cleveland yesterday for Chagrin Falls, from whence they go on to Painesville, Austinsburgh, &c. to reach Salem, Columbiana county, the first of September, and hold meetings during the Yearly Meeting of the Hicksite Friends. Isaac Flint and myself, remain here two days, and go on to Randolph, Massilon, &c. holding meetings in each place named and several others, intending to reach Salem the first of September.

Thus far, wherever we have been, people have listened with candor, and far more readiness has been manifested to admit the rightfulness of our views than I expected. I know well that the trial hour has yet to come, that will test the firmness of principle, of those who have partially or wholly embraced our views; the designing, crafty politician will be ready to waken the feelings of misguided patriotism, and stir up the prejudices that respond so easily to falsehood under the guise of truth, where *principal* is not strong enough to overcome them; the priest will talk of *infidelity*, and the overthrow of all the institutions of Christianity, (as if the truths uttered by Jesus of Nazareth were to stand or fall, as men bowed the head or bent the knee more or less, or paid heavier or lighter tithes to support a priest,) and thus pervert the mind of many a sincere inquirer after truth and duty. Many will fall, many be perhaps bitter enemies; yet I cannot but feel that much good is being done. The corruptions of the Church have never been exposed here thoroughly before, and many stand amazed to hear so much that is sinful charged home to the Reverends and D.D.'s.

Some of the clergy preach strong Anti-Slavery sermons, driven up, poor things, by the outward pressure of public sentiment, and others pour out warnings and anathemas without stint, upon us *after we are gone*, never venturing to come into our *free meetings* and discuss and defend themselves. Liberty party here numbers in its ranks more true hearted men than in the East, and they listen to us, many of them, calmly, when we show the inefficiency of a political party to overthrow Slavery, and the dangerous compromises it is making with the great Bulwark of Slavery (the Church). But I must close this already too long communication.

Yours, for the cause,
G. B. STEBBINS.

Letter from Canada.

AMHERSTBERG, July 2.

Christ's great command is love, eternal love; love to all, and justice towards all, irrespective of sex, circumstances, or condition. This is the broad platform of the Gospel, also its whole aim and object, to sustain and establish which is the only object of all its adjunctive precepts. The Gospel teaches universal love and justice to all, or it teaches nothing. The professors of Christianity have, however, been prone to seize upon words and phrases for the purposes of establishing selfish predilections. This habit is probably more adverse to the interests of Christianity than any other of which its professors can be guilty. It makes religion a rancorous jangle about punctillios, which subverts its whole object, and always characterizes those most destitute of its power. Love, that magnet of the moral universe, is the law of Christ, and should wave unfurled on every Christian dome. This querulous tenacity is the resort of selfishness, and when it has ceased, religious dissension will retire in confusion from the earth. Then may Christians rejoice and lift up their heads on high, and sing, for their redemption is nigh.

O, that Christians would no longer deform and violate the simple ethics of the Gospel, by these selfish habits which extinguish its spirituality, and destory its vital power. To the great law of Christ, that of universal love and justice, every precept in the Gospel was designed to bend. They were designed to promote the advancement, and only the advancement, of this great principle, with which there is no compromise, and whatever does not, is only a disjoined distortion. This is the only deed which will exhibit the beauty and glory of the Gospel; and while I think under its charm, my spirit drops her pencil and adores.

This disjunctive habit of promulgating the Gospel, has been its greatest foe. It cedes over to selfishness many an ambush in which it can entrench itself, and challenge defiance. It arms the slaveholder with a weapon with which he can come, Bible in hand, and unblushingly tell us that Slavery is from God, and produces in his mind a moral obliquity by which the reservations of selfishness lose their true aspect, for he has lost the integrity of his judgment in matters of right and wrong, which is an inseparable retribution connected with these reservations. Unreserved love and justice are, however, the philosophy of nature as well as of the Gospel; and whatever opposes them opposes all her interests. 'In the domestic compact the will of the husband is, by common consent, established as the standard of right, to which the wife, by the force of public sentiment, in conection with the ligatures with which political economy secures her dependence, is compelled to yield her assent. And if these ligatures which any acquaintance with the practical political economy, and provincial justice of any and every nation, renders ostensible and palpable to every sense; if these ligatures, we say, are justice, we know not where there is injustice. And these ligatures we believe to be the causes and consequences, and not only these, but the necessary appendages, of the right of dominion, which we positively deny. We deny it, because it originated in depravity; it is the legitimate offspring of the fall, and it was at this juncture that the edict of Eden went out against women. It originated in selfishness and sin, neither is there any other necessity for its continuance. The Apostle Paul, whom we are by no means sure was himself destitute of that Jewish or heathen prejudice, which everywhere degraded females—and we so speak, because we know infinite wisdom made use of imperfect human agents in conveying to fallen man those heaven-born principles, which alone can bring life and immortality to light through the Gospel,—everywhere exhorts women to submission and obedience to their husbands. Nor would we controvert this doctrine, but would most strenuously enforce it; any other course would be subversive of all peace, and though their requirements were unjust and selfish in the extreme, to submit as unto the Lord, would be the only course they could pursue, in conformity with the spirit of non-resistance, everywhere taught in the Gospel. This submission we believe to be right, and the true development of Christianity, to which every wife under its influence will submit, as unto the Lord. But the authority itself we question, and not only this, but we fully deny it. We believe it to be a usurpation of our rights, and we as fully believe it is our duty to submit to its exactions, however severe, rather than to contend; but how or where does this duty prove the rectitude of the authority in question; and where is there any such delegation committed to man to domineer over free agents—those who were born free, and whom God himself refuses to touch with the agency of force. Where has God given man this authority, to rule over and subjugate free agents as he would subjugate brutes. We affirm, nowhere. The mandate of the fall went out as a curse, and such it has always been, and such we are prepared to prove it always must be; nor could it ever have been put into execution until man became depraved. Man thereby assumes the attitude of a superior, but this he has never proven; and taking God as a standard, we doubt whether he ever can. A love of self-elevation distinguishes the masculine character; it is, however, anti-social in its nature, and whoever is thus influenced, thereby affirms in all his domestic phases and aspects, that he is superior—demonstrating only that he is superior in selfishness, by these distinguishing characteriatics. Between the two natures there is no doubt a difference; but this difference does not prove to the unprejudiced mind, either the superiority of the one, or the inferiority of the other. Perhaps the female mind is less ratiocinative than the male; at any rate, it has everything to make it so. The castes of India will demonstrate the controlling power of circumstances in effecting the intellectual condition of human nature, each caste rising as high, and no higher, than its privileges, affecting not only the mind, but also the corporeal and phrenological organization, and demonstrating fully that every individual is as the institutions under which it has grown. And he who can so divest himself of preconceived views, and the love of self, that he can justly and fairly apply the scales of truth to her soul, will never, no, never find it his inferior. Whence is her love stronger than life, than death, than eternity; and she hates as she loves, and let him that would not endure the withering glances of her spirit not justly incur it. This strong repulsion is the antithesis of her love, but it has its foundation in virtue, and if her character is rightly developed, it is but a resistance of whatever opposes it.

Woman posesses a strong sense of what is just and harmonious in nature, and what is consistent with itself, attributable to that acuter moral sense and juster taste peculiar to her character; and when these are outraged, she feels an irreconcilable principle, which often withholds its assent to the inductions of her more logical partner. This irresistible feeling will generally be an index to some clash between truth, and something instituted in its place, and should not be disregarded. And when she is told that her husband is to be her standard of right, that she is to be obedient to him, the conflicting principle, by a necessity of nature, arrays itself in hostility to his claims. She is told that social order makes these demands, and she yields to their power; but deep in her heart she will brand it with the name it deserves. He labors to convince her of her dependence on himself, and tells her that she was last in the order of creation, deriving thence an inference mainly due to that predominant love of power, for which he is distinguished, without extinguishing, however, the irreconcilable feeling, which still refuses its assent to his demands. In the social economy, women are bound hand and foot, by every cord which it can devise to secure their dependence, while at the same time, society throws on them its greatest burdens. Their wages is but a moiety, and the monopoly of sex deprives them of everything of profit or advantage. Yet the children of inebriate, profligate, and illegitimate fathers, are thrown on these mothers for support, for whom they struggle to procure a subsistence, until they are consumed by famine and want, and driven to a premature grave, while their children are sent out to scourge society for their sufferings. And all these are the necessary adjuncts of the principle of domination, which must exist as long as that exists, for it can be secured by no other means. Woman has suffered! ah, she has suffered! nor did the edict of Eden go out against her in vain. Let us survey but a minutiæ of Earth's history, and we shall find it washed with her tears, and its atmosphere dense with her groans. Why have the flames of India, centuries on centuries, conveyed her scorching agonies to heaven? Why have forty[*] ethereal spirits been driven like an herd of swine, to fry out their lives upon one putrid carcass? Why have rites like these, from time immemorial deformed the page of history? In all these rites heatbenism has its objects, and you who are wise divine them, for we sicken at the thought that love of power should ever have resorted to atrocities like these. Liberty and knowledge are indispensable to human advancement, nor can there be any, only in proportion as they are enjoyed. With little of these, however, has female na ure ever been blessed. Nor is it because there is a destitution of appetite, disqualifying her for the relish of these high enjoyments.

No, her soul has been fraudulently famished, to secure other objects. It has suffered an eternal eclipse under the shrouds of moral and intellectual night, because it has no physical power to remove them. This dependence obliges females to marry as free women would never marry. And when they are married, those rights which they have inherited from God and nature, they are obliged to hold as a gratuity, at the hands of their husbands. A wife owns nothing, although she spends her life in the service of her husband, and everything she receives is a gratuity from his hand, which he may either bestow or withhold at pleasure. The writer has seen wives beaten from their doors, and forbidden to enter, by audacious husbands, whom they had served, and for whom they had suffered, all their lives, but when so driven could not go, because their earnings were no part of them at their disposal. And she has also seen these poor creatures obliged to return to these odious husbands, and endure all the superciliousness and brutality which consummate selfishness could invent. Nor had these husbands any other motive in ordering them off, but to mortify them, and make them feel their extreme dependence; but this dependence we affirm to be a created dependence, secured by a system of injustice which has no other object, aside from which woman would stand amply equipped with all the powers necessary to render her the independent agent of her own subsistence. In the family relation, she often particularly needs her husband's protection, but this he owes her without making her a slave; and it was for this purpose, no doubt, that man was armed with those superior physical powers which distinguish his nature. But he has been prone to pervert them. On this inequality of strength, no doubt, the continuation of the species, in a selfish state of society depends, for had she been equal in strength, she would not have suffered what she has suffered. Ah, she has suffered; nor does the history of the world enclose so black a stain as that which attaches to humanity in the story of her woes. We hear much of human rights, and the flag of freedom is unfurled on every side, but speak of woman's rights, and the martial messages of political and sacerdotal heraldry, will sneer us into oblivion for such high handed indelicacy. Woman's rights! odious phrase; nor need we dive far into the arcana of human nature to divine the cause. But we are not intimidated, because we are at no loss to know how to classify these emotions together with all the nervous irritability which exists on this subject; and we would propound to those who feel it a careful analysis of its nature, before they proceed to inveigh. And we would propound still farther, and demand to be considered, Whether in a land where we are serenaded by the boast of liberty on every side, those who have always suffered civil tyranny, and not only this, but have nothing to secure them from that worst of all tyrannies, a domestic tyranny; whether, we say, those who have suffered, have a right to make their wrongs a subject of discussion, or should suffer in silence. If so, incarcerate us, nor aggravate us longer, by holding to our famished lips the cup of blessing, in which we may not participate. There is a sensitiveness on this subject, which we are aware we shall offend, but we are bold, for our only object is truth, and our only claim is justice, and that social order which exists by injustice is not social order but social selfishness. And this injustice, woman instinctively perceives, which is productive of anti-social consequences. All the bonds with which man contravenes her free agency, are in effect, only so many agents impelling the under currents of her soul to revolution, producing in the mind of both parties, a reciprocity of phases and aspects adverse to the nature of true connubial enjoyment. Every republic, and every kingdom, is but the superstructure of a foundation laid by women. The human soul is a compound being, consisting of a moral, physical, and intellectual nature, and to educe these complex powers in their proper order and season, requires an intellectual acumen, which subalterns can never attain. It is incompatible with their character, for knowledge would sunder the ligatures of dependence, and restore them to freedom, nor did God design those should be slaves to whom he has committed so sacred a charge. The human soul is endowed with a moral and intellectual nature to which only God in his system of government makes his appeals. We were born free, and created free agents, and endowed with the principles of self-government, which rightly developed, supercedes and rejects all other control—beings, whom God himself refuses to touch with the agency of force. And who shall brandish over the head of beings thus endowed, the rod of physical force, designed only for brutes. Beings possessed of sensitiveness and sensibilities more acute than any others in the universe, are these all to be outraged by those reservations of power, in which the political economy entrenches the husband, making him virtually not an husband but an irresponsible lord, and the wife not a wife, but a vassal. We reject it because it is cruel and unjust. We reject it because it is a system of ignorance and bondage, and we are thereby disqualified for the high responsibilities committed to our charge, and we reject it because we owe our unclipsed, untrammeled energies to the welfare of the world. Nor can man be born, or stand in the perfection of his moral nature, until he erases the name of woman forever from the roll of bondage. It was for the protection and not the usurpation of our rights, that he was endowed with that superior physical strength, with which he stands equipped, and these claims we fearlessly urge, because we are emboldened by the conviction that our only object is truth, and our only claim is justice.

SARAH A. C. RICE.

[*] Buchanan's Letters on India.—Forty females have been burned on the funeral pile of one man.

Letter from J. A. Burr.

LANSING, August, 1845.

BROTHER GAY:—As a friend of God, and humanity, a lover of *man* as *man*, irrespective of the color of his skin, or any external adornings—I feel constrained to cast in my mite of influence, and reputation, with those who are laboring to solve the great problem, whether *all* of God's intelligent creatures ought to be free; whether the Creator designed they should roam over His wide spread earth unmolested, only subject to the Divine law, (and human laws so far as they can do so without transgressing the laws of God.) If a being from another world, which had never fallen, should visit this earth, and find its inhabitants disputing one with the other upon these self-evident propositions, in the light of the voluminous revelation of an all-wise God, upon this subject, he would be led to exclaim with a holy indignation, "Oh, how are the mighty fallen; this, *this is the bitter fruit of transgression*," and would pledge himself anew to a more constant life of perfect obedience to all the requirements of a holy and righteous God.

In the march of the friends of the poor sighing bondman, in this hypocritical, God-provoking land, it seems now most clearly to my mind, and must to every rational being that looks at the subject dispassionately, that the only exodus of the slave, and salvation of this country from the deserved judgments of Heaven, is to come out from this blood-stained Union, cemented as it is by the blood, tears, sighs, and groans of the fathers and the mothers, brothers and sisters, widows and orphans, of God's poor, *cast out* by the priest, and Levite, the statesman, and politicians of this guilty land. We seem to have arrived at the "Red Sea" of the Exodus of the slave, to liberty, and "No union with slaveholders," seems to be the "rod of Moses," which will divide the waters into a wall on either side, that the children of "*Ham*" may pass through on dry land, to the Canaan of Freedom, which will then be established in the *Northern States*.—God speed the hour.

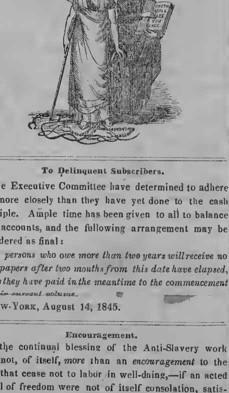
And as the American Church is in a great measure powerless for evil, as the bulwark of American Slavery, having lost its influence in a national point of view, let us therefore buckle on our armor anew, with the banner of "*No Union with Slaveholders*," and "*No War for Slavery*," and with the peaceful weapons of truth and love, mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, demolish the great Bastile of Slavery.

My mind is strongly impressed with the belief that the people of Middle and Western New-York, want light on this subject. Those of all parties and no party, who are lovers of their race, need but that these saving truths be presented to their minds, and they will drink it in like water. Light is what they want. Prove the Constitution pro-slavery, and they will abandon it, as they will a pro-slavery church and clergy. If lecturers, who are now so plenty in New-England, should visit Western New-York, and sow true Anti-Slavery seed, it will not be lost, in my opinion, but yield abundant fruit. Many "*Liberty Party*" men in this region, since "*Annexation*," are casting about for a more effectual and speedy way of abolishing Slavery, than the ballot-box, against such unequal and mighty odds as they have to contend. As a former "Liberty man," (for the sake of fidelity to principle,) I can now say that I have found a much better way, of which I am not ashamed—and hope they all will do likewise, after being convinced that they are supporting Slavery by allegiance to this slaveholding Government, and Constitution.

Yours, "for those in bonds as bound with them."
J. A. BURR.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1845.



To Delinquent Subscribers.

The Executive Committee have determined to adhere still more closely than they have yet done to the cash principle. Ample time has been given to all to balance their accounts, and the following arrangement may be considered as final:

All persons who owe more than two years will receive no more papers after two months from this date have elapsed, unless they have paid in the meantime to the commencement of their current volume.

NEW-YORK, August 14, 1845.

Encouragement.

If the continual blessing of the Anti-Slavery work were not, of itself, *more* than an *encouragement* to the souls that cease not to labor in well-doing,—if an acted gospel of freedom were not of itself consolation, satisfaction, joy,—then there might be need of an occasional pause to note our progress and to observe the signs of the times.

It is for the sake of those who are *almost* Abolitionists that we now propose to say a few words of cheer. Not having fully devoted themselves to the great work of this land and generation, they know not the vast resources of the human spirit; and therefore stand in greater need of the encouragement that is afforded by an observation of results.

The most cheering thing we can point them to, is the fact, that the spirit of freedom in Pennsylvania is delivered from all entangling connection with "Liberty party." The band of devoted friends of the cause, who have so faithfully labored there from the beginning, are still a "sacred band," and not exposed to the impure influences of a political club. Still they can be bold, open, uncompromising; for still they make absolute truth their aim, counting all else but loss.

When we think of the degraded moral condition to which sixty years of compromise with Slavery has reduced our country,—how point of duty, point of honor, individual independence, State sovereignty, religious feeling,—all that constitutes manhood, has year after year been crumbling into this open gulf in our American forum, how can we enough rejoice that the noble band of Pennsylvanian friends have not counted anything in life dear to them, but have, with Curtian spirit, chosen to save their land at the sacrifice of all that Americans are taught from childhood upwards to consider the very life of life.

> "Those were proud days, when on the battle-plain,
> And in the sun's bright face, and mid the array
> Of awe-struck hosts and circled by the slain,
> The Roman cast his glitering mail away;
> And while a silence as of midnight lay
> O'er breathless thousands at his voice who started,
> Called on the unseen terrific powers that sway
> The heights, the depths, the shades; then, fearless-hearted,
> Girt on his robe of death, and for the grave departed!"

The days of a Roman martial worship are never, we trust, to return: but never shall the day of a Roman devotedness pass away. Still there are hearts left even in this age of lucre, and this land of low ambition, to whom the line of the Roman poet is an expression of their own souls:

> "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

These are they, too, whose country is the world, and whose countrymen are all mankind. Is it not indeed a cheering and encouraging thing, that such have emerged from beneath the shadow of the Constitution of the United States, with its bloody promises of protection and perpetuity to Slavery, and walk no longer "in the subterranean shades of rascaldom, sorely flamed on from the neighboring hell?"

Then look at a corresponding movement in Ohio. See there the devoted friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, going forth to encounter the hostility of churches and parties, with that overcoming spirit of devoted benevolence that is of such converting efficacy! We had letters from them last week. Benjamin S. Jones, Abby Kelley, Stephen S. Foster, G. Stebbins and Jane Hitchcock, are now doing a work in Ohio, whose good results cannot be estimated, for they are teaching religion and morality to a region that had forgotten both. And the people hear them gladly too. No house can hold the multitudes—they speak every day, and three times a day, to vast crowds. Oh, ye of little faith! Wherefore do ye doubt, while such sights as this are to be witnessed! Is it not because you lack even that small degree of devotedness which would prompt to the gift of your worldly substance, to keep these gifted and laborious ones supplied with the necessaries of life?

We praise the Roman Curtius,

> "But praise, and dearer, holier praise be theirs,
> Who in the darkness and the solitude
> Of hearts borne earthward by a weight of cares,—
> Uncheered by fame's proud hope,—the etherial food
> Of restless energies, and only viewed
> By Him whose eye from his celestial throne,
> Is on the soul's dark places, have subdued,
> And vowed themselves with strength till then unknown,
> To such high martyr-task, in secret and alone!"

To hearts so strengthened, even the aspect of the horizon towards Mexico, assumes a look of solemn cheer. *They* will aid no war for the extension of Slavery. They are not pledged to stand by "our country right or wrong." *They* are not the soldiers of "our country, whatever her boundaries," until those boundaries are co-extensive with the earth, and until "her officers are peace and her exactors righteousness!"

"There is something very solemn to me," (says a devoted friend of the cause, in a letter just received and now lying before us,) "in the present aspect of things. It is like the felt stillness of the forest that is to lay low its loftiest and most ancient trees."

It is indeed a silence full of solemn cheer. All are still—the Abolitionists alone are heard, giving the word which all must finally echo; few as they comparatively are, in this "felt stillness" their voice is heard. The Whigs *might* have taken the initiative. They dared not. The Democratic and the Liberty party feel no disposition. They *love* to be dragged in triumph at the chariot-wheels of the slaveholder. Have they not sworn to aid him at his extremest need, and shall they not make it good?—How else shall they share his spoils of silver and of gold, and slaves, and the souls of men!

Meanwhile, look at the slaveholder. What is he doing? Relinquishing his slaves. Maryland and Kentucky are feeling the impulse given them by their worthiest sons. While Gov. Hammond is aiding the cause by giving the melancholy proof to the nation of the ruinous consequences of Slavery upon the freeman, Cassius M. Clay and J. E. Snodgrass, are showing the renovating effects of Anti-Slavery principle.

Mark the encouraging character of the newspapers. We shall give, in the next week's Standard, the deliberate advice of the Editor of the New-York Tribune to the Marylanders. It is IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION; and we warmly recommend to all friends of the cause, who are paying eight dollars per annum for a pro-slavery paper, to *drop* it, and subscribe for the Tribune.

A new Anti-Slavery paper is established by the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society—"The Anti-Slavery Bugle." We earnestly urge upon the official representatives of that society, to sustain that paper at all events; few may be its subscribers, meagre may be its support; but—(such is the nature of things,) it will bring some *great* Ohio subscription list within hearing of truth. We have not recounted half the tokens of encouragement we see.

Next week we will resume the subject.—C.

The Church and the World.

We have so often said that, as Abolitionists, we have nothing to say of the Church, as such, that a repetition of the assertion would seem uncalled for, were it not the fact that all who find it their interest to oppose us, seize upon every opportunity to misrepresent what we do say of a pro-slavery Church. I beg everybody to understand that in what follows I have no reference to the distinctive principles of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and mean to cast no reflection upon the institution of the Church itself. I wish only, by citing a strong case, to show what joining a pro-slavery Church may do for a humane heart.

Talk as we will of political and social influences, the religious sentiment is the strongest of the human soul.—Everything else yields to it. Jesus never appealed to a stronger instinct than when he bade his hearers leave father and mother, and follow him. Men will forsake all that is dearest to them, and suffer all that the most ingenius torture can inflict, for the sake of their religion. But these are the commonest truisms, and nobody doubts them, for the whole history of humanity testifies to their truth. It is no less so now than always before, and while it is so, and while the American Church, which is the external sign of the religion of the people, shall refuse to treat slaveholding as a sin, our testimony must be clear and explicit, and our efforts aimed chiefly against it as a pro-slavery Church.

It is not that the Church does not always *positively* uphold Slavery, but that it maintains a *negative* relation towards it. It is not that it does not say that Slavery is absolutely right, but that it refuses to say that it is positively wrong. When she shall treat it as other sins, its days are numbered. Indeed its days are numbered at any rate, and it is her own fault if she falls with it. When the religious sentiment of the people is above the standard of the Church, then the Church can no longer meet the religious want of the people. It will not "meet the witness," as the Friends say, and the witness will find some other exponent. It is fast coming to this. The Church must be not only not pro-slavery but positively Anti-Slavery, or the people will abandon it as fast as they become Christians. It is positively pro-slavery in so much as it is not positively Anti-Slavery.

It is not necessary that a man should be a Christian, or believe even in the Christian principles, to be Anti-Slavery. Simple humanity teaches him that. I remember hearing of one of the pioneer Abolitionists, who, in the early days of the cause—the days of small things when everybody labored, and there was work for more hands than there were hands to do it—went weekly to the office in Boston, and folded Liberators on a barrel-head, and did other labor to which he was entirely unaccustomed. He did it because he was a humane man and loved the cause. He was not pious, and did not pretend to be a Christian; but he was of the "world's people," and was one of the most fashionable men about town. Tried by a strict code of morality, he was not in all things even a moral man. Yet was he a good Abolitionist. This is not the place to discuss the question, whether he was really more or less of a Christian, than those in that community who assumed the name. But I may say here, that though an Abolitionist may not be what is called a Christian, a really Christian man cannot but be an Abolitionist. Had the man who folded the Liberators, been converted to Methodism; or, Presbyterianism, or any other of the sects, he probably would have lost his Anti-Slavery. Yet I am saying nothing here against real Christianity, but only that pretended Christianity of which the American Church is the visible sign.

Here is an instance of what the Church does for a man, which I find in that pious paper, "The Christian Advocate and Journal," the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church North. The writer is one Isaac Denton, of Macon circuit, Alabama. Once he was of the world, and, as the Church would say, of the devil. See how he felt then, before the Church had taught him her way of salvation. He says:—

> "My parents were born, and raised in a part of Virginia where there were but few slaves, and public sentiment strongly against the practice of slavery; and in the front rank of this opposition stood my parents. From hence they removed to Tennessee, still maintaining the same principles, and from thence to Alabama, late in life, still unchanged. Ere they left Tennessee I left the parental roof, fully impressed with the soundness of their principles on that subject, and strongly opposed to slavery as it exists among us; deeming holding slaves a sin, under all circumstances."

I cannot help thinking he must have been a pretty good man then; and if not a Christian man, certainly in a fair way to become so. At least he was obeying in one very important particular, under his circumstances, some of the most positive injunctions of the founder of Christianity. But he was not satisfied with this, and sought a higher faith and life. This was well. I would not quarrel with him, however much I might differ with him as to the tenets of Methodism, if in them and in her Church he could find what he sought. He was converted.

> "At the age of twenty-four I obtained the pardon of sin through faith in the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, and being not disposed to act hastily, I, for reasons not necessary to enumerate, delayed for nearly a year to join any church; and read, with much deliberation, and prayer, and sought for instruction from on high; and then, at the dictate of duty and principle, attached myself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Since that time, now more than twenty-five years, I have not wavered; but am still in the fullest sense in theory an Episcopal Methodist. God grant I may be so also in practice!"

Now, what did the Church do for him? He was a good man before, and so far a Christian, that he viewed as a sin, and opposed with his might the giant evils which had surrounded him from his birth. He had become a Christian, according to the standard of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Let us see now how he views the wholesale system of murder, and theft, and adultery, and all the concomitant crimes and evils which go to make up the whole of American Slavery. He proceeds, and we may well ponder over his words:

> "But time and better opportunities, and capacities for examining the subject, have convinced me that though I still view slavery, abstractly considered, to be morally wrong, and a social and political evil, and incapable of immediate adequate remedy; yet any interference with it from without, hurtful to both slave and master, as is, I think, abundantly evident to any unprejudiced observer in the South: it can do no good, but *only* evil to both white and black, and can, and will, in no wise be tolerated."

Here is a faithful picture of the American Church, drawn by one of its disciples. It is nothing to say that he is a Southern man, for although his experience may not be precisely that of his brethren at the North, yet the fact remains the same—that they are not Abolitionists—because the influence of the Church will not permit them to be. The editor of the Advocate and Journal has no word of rebuke for the hardening influence which the Church has had upon this "brother in the Gospel of Christ," as he signs himself. Indeed how can he? No doubt they are agreed. The editor has as much and no more testimony to bear against slavery than his Southern brother has borne. Perhaps he can hardly claim the merit of having had so much natural goodness destroyed by his "getting religion."

How naturally this question arises here, and how easily is it answered:

If the natural moral sense and innate goodness of the human heart would lead man to hate slavery, what is our duty towards that Church, call it what you will, which so blunts that sense and hardens that heart, that the system of oppression can only be seen as an abstract wrong, with which we may not meddle?—G.

Mobocracy in Kentucky.

Cassius M. Clay is beginning to reap the first fruits of his fearless advocacy of the rights of man. The wonder is, that he has been allowed to remain so long unmolested for his gallant onset upon Slavery. Heretofore, perhaps, the slaveholders have been paralyzed by his boldness; but he may be sure, that having once mustered courage to make some demonstrations against him, they will not stop till either he or they have conquered. His is no summer day's work. Persecution, reviling, mobs, and lynching must be the lot of those who are the pioneers in this work in the slave States, as it has been of those who have been foremost in the righteous cause in the free. Nevertheless, he will conquer if he persevere, though all the powers of Church and State array themselves against him. He shows no sign of flinching yet, and I do not believe he ever will. The following Extra from the True American Office tells its own story. Mr. Clay has pursued, in this affair, the same manly, straightforward course that he ever has. Probably the trouble will not end here. God help him.

TRUE AMERICAN—EXTRA.
Lexington, August 15, 1845.

To a Just People:—

I deem it due to myself and the cause of the people, the constitutional liberty of my State, that I make a few explanations before the enemies of all these proceed to extremity, that they may be left without excuse in the estimation of all just men. I learned a few moments before 3 o'clock, that a public meeting was to be holden at that hour in the Court House, to take measures for the suppression of the publication of the "True American." Immediately, as unwell as I was, I proceeded to the Court House to vindicate, as I shall ever be ready to do, the principles and policy maintained in that paper. I found about twenty individuals, including some two or three personal friends who followed me in. I knew them all to be political, and three-fourths of them violent personal enemies. I saw but one so-called Whig, and he has been ever since the publication of the paper, one of my most violent opponents. I will give the names of these men, hereafter, to the public. Two speakers proposed to dissolve the meeting, and Capt. Henry Johnson, a cotton planter, declared that although he was ever ready to act boldly upon this subject, he would not then, nor hereafter, take any action in regard to the True American, unless the Whig party also came up and incurred the same responsibility. Thomas F. Marshall said that he had regarded it as a public not a private meeting, and that he conceived that the public dissatisfaction and excitement, were based upon the editorial published by me in the last "American," where I spoke of the consequences of the disregard of the principles of justice by the leading men of the nation, and another person remarked that dissatisfaction was also founded upon the opinion set forth in the leader in the last paper. Here several persons contended that it was a private meeting, upon which I started to leave the house, explaining to Mr. Marshall, in passing, that a construction had been put upon my article which it never entered my head to convey, as any sensible man, who will read the piece, will see, who knows the circumstances in which I am placed, having regard to common sense, the effectuation of my own purposes, or the safety of myself and relatives, that I could never intend to give it. It will be perceived by the reader of that article, that the whole piece alludes to national policy, and the loss of a high sense of justice in the administration of our national affairs, resulting from the influences of negro Slavery upon the national action, even to the habitual violation of the Constitution; and I further meant to convey the idea, in my elliptical manner, that in a country like ours, where suffrage is universal, and standing armies impossible, that those men who are drawing substance and power from the existence and extension of Slavery, at the expense of the interests of the great masses of the legal voters of this Union, who are now and have been sacrificed at the shrine of Slavery; that these men, the white millions (having no allusion whatever to the blacks of the South) would in the course of time, when that poverty pressed upon them which Slavery had been most instrumental in causing, follow the example of their plunderers, and in turn plunder them. Such was the case in "France, when the oppressed rose upon the oppressor, and spared neither property, life, or sex."

As to the blacks, we have ever held in our printed arguments, and in our secret opinion, that the slaves, whilst the Union lasts, are utterly impotent for any very extensive mischief, even in the cotton countries, and I regard the idea of insurrection in Kentucky, where there are about six whites to one black, as ridiculous, and only used by the slaveholders as a Bug-a-boo, to maintain the ascendancy of their power in the State; and even if an insurrection should take place, I feel myself as much bound, as any citizen in the State, to shoulder my musket to suppress it, and in the discharge of my duty I am not willing to admit that any person is more ready. With regard to the leader of the same paper, I said in the beginning that I intended to allow full freedom of discussion upon the subject of Slavery, and I said for several weeks at the head of my editorial columns, under my own signature, that I intended to allow under the editorial head also, great latitude of opinion, without comment. Differing as I did in some important points from the writer of this article, who I repeat is a large slaveholder, I intended to give my individual views on the same subject, in my very next number, which, when given, will put my enemies under the necessity of denouncing, when they denounce me, the immortal Washington, a name sacred to the lovers of liberty of all time and place. I had not expected in the abundance of my charity, that the most fallen men would have taken advantage of my helpless condition, arising from a long and painful illness, to sacrifice me; when even in health, I stood almost one man against a thousand. I tell these men, however, that they much mistake their man, and that if they do succeed in accomplishing their purposes, and seal their triumph with my blood, that their banners of victory shall wave over a violated Constitution, the grave of Liberty, and the impious defiance of the laws of God, and the moral sense of all mankind. If I stood in defence only of my own right, I might be deterred from the unequal contest; but when I stand for the six hundred thousand free white citizens of my native State, allegiance to which, and her interests, concentered by all republican principles in the majority of her people, I cannot lay down my arms. To my children, and friends wherever found, if I know myself, it shall never be said, at least of one citizen of Kentucky, that he preferred life, to honor and duty to his country.

C. M. CLAY.

Thursday, Aug. 14, 1845.

Since writing the above handbill, I have received the following letter from the hands of Thos. H. Waters, on my sick bed, at my own house:

LEXINGTON, 14th Aug. 1845.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, ESQ.

SIR:—We, the undersigned, have been appointed as a committee upon the part of a number of the respectable citizens of the city of Lexington, to correspond with you, under the following resolution:

Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed to wait upon Cassius M. Clay, Editor of the "True American," and request him to discontinue the publication of the paper called the "True American," as its further continuance, in our judgment, is dangerous to the peace of our community, and to the safety of our homes and families.

In pursuance of the above, we hereby request you to discontinue your paper, and would seek to impress upon you the importance of your acquiescence. Your paper is agitating and exciting our community to an extent of which you can scarcely be aware. We do not approach you in the form of a threat. But we owe it to you to state, that in our judgment, your own safety, as well as the repose and peace of the community, are involved in your answer. We await your reply, in the hope that your own good sense and regard for the reasonable wishes of a community in which you have many connexions and friends, will induce you promptly to comply with our request. We are instructed to report your answer to a meeting, to-morrow evening, at three o'clock, and will expect it by two o'clock, P.M. of to-morrow,

Respectfully, &c.

B. W. DUDLEY.
THOS. H. WATERS,
JOHN W. HUNT.

To which I have made the following reply, which will be delivered to-day, at the hour appointed:

SIRS:—I received through the hands of Mr. Thomas H. Waters, one of your Committee, since candle-light, your extraordinary letter. Inasmuch as two of your committee and myself are not upon speaking terms, and when I add to this the fact that you have taken occasion to address me a note of this character, when I am on a bed of sickness of more than a month's standing, from which I have only ventured at intervals to ride out and to write a few paragraphs, which caused a relapse, I think that the American people will agree with me, that your office is a base and dishonorable one, more particularly when they reflect that you have had more than two months whilst I was in health, to accomplish the same purpose. I say, in reply to your assertion that you are a committee appointed by a respectable portion of the community, that it cannot be true. Traitors to the laws and Constitution cannot be deemed respectable by any but assassins, pirates, and highway robbers. Your meeting is one unknown to the laws and Constitution of my country, it was secret in its proceedings; its purposes, its spirit, and its action, like its mode of existence, are wholly unknown to and in direct violation of every known principle of honor, religion or government, held sacred by the civilized world. I treat them with the burning contempt of a brave heart and a loyal citizen. I deny their power and defy their action. It may be true that those men are excited as you say, whose interest it is to prey upon the excitement and distresses of the country. What tyrant ever failed to be excited when his unjust power was about to be taken from his hands? But I deny, utterly deny, and call for proof, that there is any just ground for this agitation. In every case of violence by the blacks since the publication of my paper, it has been proven, and will be again proven by my representatives, if my life should fail to be spared, that there has been special causes for their action independent of, and having no relation whatever to the *True American* or its doctrines. Your advice with regard to my personal safety is worthy of the source whence it emanated, and meets with the same contempt from me which the purposes of your mission excite. Go tell your secret conclave of cowardly assassins that C. M. Clay knows his rights and how to defend them.

C. M. CLAY.

Lexington, August 15, 1845.

Kentuckians:

You see this attempt of these tyrants, worse than the *thirty despots* who lorded it over the once free Athens, now to enslave you. Men who regard law—men who regard all their liberties as not to be sacrificed to a single pecuniary interest, to say the least, of doubtful value—lovers of justice—enemies of blood—laborers of all classes—you for whom I have sacrificed so much, where will you be found when this battle between Liberty and Slavery is to be fought? I cannot, I will not, I dare not, question on which side you will be found. If you stand by me like men, our country shall yet be free, but if you falter now, I perish with less regret when I remember that the people of my native State, of whom I have been so proud, and whom I loved so much, are already slaves.

C. M. CLAY.

Lexington, August 15, 1845.

☞ Since the above was in type, we learn that a Committee of *sixty*, appointed by the mass meeting, held on Monday, the 18th, to hear Mr. Clay's answer to the Committee of three, repaired, in conformity to a resolution passed, to the office of the True American, and took down the press, and boxed it up, together with the type, and shipped them to Cincinnati, subject to the order of Mr. Clay. Mr. Clay was confined to his bed with the Typhoid fever, and was not personally present.

Liberty Party and the Constitution.

If the world will not agree with the Abolitionists in anything else, they will at least not deem us ultra or fanatical in the view we take of our relation to the Constitution of the United States. Liberty party, with all the ingenious sophistry which it can bring to bear upon the subject, will not persuade the people that a new and hitherto unheard-of meaning may be put upon an instrument made within the memory of men now living, and the true intent of which has been settled by legislation, by the highest judicial decisions, and by the common-sense and common honesty—or common dishonesty if you please—from the time of its creation to the present moment. If there is any one thing certain in the history of this Government, it is that the present Constitution of the United States is, and was intended to be, pro-slavery. And if there is any one undisputed point in ethics, it is, that a promise or an oath made with a mental reservation, or made with the full knowledge that it is received in a different sense than what the juror intends, is downright dishonesty. The Liberty party may try to reconcile good and evil—may try to make black, white—may try to make love for the slave appear as a sufficient excuse for dishonesty towards the slaveholder—but it won't do. If the people are not specially righteous, they are not special fools, and this sort of no-governmentism will never go down with them.

We commence, in this week's paper, the republication of an article from the Whig Review, on Mr. Birney's views of the Constitution. The author is not an Abolitionist, and says, therefore, some things which have no particular claim to appear in an Anti-Slavery paper. But I prefer giving the article entire for the sake of the argument on the main question under discussion. I beg Thomas Earle and the Emancipator to remember, however, that the Standard does not endorse whatever of Whiggism, of pro-slavery, or of abuse of the "old organizationists," the article may contain. We copy it simply for its sound argument, though I am free to confess to a little gratification at the severe criticism which Mr. Birney and his friends receive at the hands of the author.

The Agents in Ohio.

A subscriber in Ohio says in a postscript to a business letter, "Abby Kelley, Foster & Co. are making a big fuss in these diggings." I have no doubt of it. The Ohio papers contain frequent notices of their lectures, and their disorganizing notions are denounced in no measured terms. I learn, however, from private letters, that they are making a deep impression upon the people, and gaining many converts to the disunion doctrine. I rejoice to hear that our friend Samuel Brooke, one of the most influential Abolitionists in the State, has become a convert.

The Ohio American, a Liberty party paper, published at Cleveland, gives a long notice of the meetings of our friends in that place. The editor thinks they are doing great good, though he is evidently much troubled at their ultra doctrines. He might as well have spared some of his vituperation, as it only exposes his own weakness. He copies the following resolutions from the Plain Dealer:

> NO DIS-UNION.—At the close of the lectures by Miss Abby Kelley at the Wesleyan Church last evening, the following resolutions were passed by a number of the citizens present.
>
> *Whereas*, Abby Kelley, S. S. Foster, and associates, have been for the last three days preaching treason to the Constitution and the Government that protects both them and us, slandering men and patriots of the highest and purest character, both living and dead, not excluding the great and good WASHINGTON himself, and have sought by all means, foul and dishonest, to bring contempt on the clergy, the Church, and religion, and all that is hold valuable and of good report;
>
> And, *Whereas*, The honor and reputation of the town and State require that they be discountenanced by a public expression of our opinion, therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, By the citizens of Cleveland here assembled that the perpetrators of such outrages merit the contempt of all good citizens, and honest men and women, and for ourselves we hereby award it to them in full measure.
>
> *Resolved*, That we hold the memory of Gen. WASHINGTON, and of those men who formed the Constitution, as sacred, and that we look with abhorrence upon all efforts to defame their character.
>
> *Resolved*, That the Constitution of the United States imposes an obligation on all American citizens to sustain both it and the laws, and the mode that it points out for its alteration or amendment should alone be adopted to remedy any real or fancied defect it may contain, by honest and sane citizens; and we consider all attempts to break down our respect for that instrument, as infamous and treasonable.
>
> *Resolved*, That the wholesale and unmeasured denunciation of all Christian churches uttered here during the last three days is as profane as it is wicked, unjust, absurd, and detestable.

The American gives the history of these resolutions. The meeting, he says, at the Wesleyan church, was a very riotous one. A mob of men and boys, outside the building, endeavored to create a riot, and break up the meeting. Failing in this, after the meeting had adjourned, a new one composed of only a small portion of the audience was organized, though not unanimously. The leader of the mob then placing some one in the chair, read the resolutions, and put the question, the chairman having decency enough left in him to sit with his face hid in his hands without uttering a syllable. The resolutions were passed by a few votes. It does not appear that a single respectable man was concerned in the proceeding. The American speaks in becoming terms of indignation at the whole affair.

Affairs in Texas.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 12th instant, has a letter from Austin under date of the 23d July. The Tribune gives the following extract, which will be read with interest, and particularly that portion of it which refers to the boundary line of Texas:

> We have literally complied with the terms proposed by the United States. Although many citizens do feel great uneasiness on the subject of boundary, the resolutions of our Congress and our ordinance in Convention yield the settlement of that question to your Government, without restriction. The boundary to the Rio del Norte is not only indispensable to our safety and repose, but to the United States Government. The old boundary was the Nueces, and its line is within thirty miles of San Antonia. The distance thence to the Rio del Norte varies from two to three hundred miles. It is unsettled and uncultivated, except immediately on the bank of that river. And unless we occupy that river, there is no locality for slaves west of the Colorado, which is the finest country we have for cotton, sugar, the ordinary farming pursuits, and health combined. And besides, it is the avenue through which the Camanche alternately commits depredations on the Mexican and Texan frontiers. If that avenue is closed by the occupation of our troops, it confines them to the mountain, and gives protection alike to the Mexican and to us. In addition to this, the river gives a line that may easily be defended, and the only one that can protect and encourage trade. We thought it better for Texas to occupy that position before annexation, and a citizen of the United States generously offered to furnish provisions and munitions of war for the enterprise. Our people were eager for it, when to blast these hopes, the *President's Treaty* with Mexico, and his Proclamation for an *Armistice* made its appearance, admitting a disputed territory, which no Texan had allowed before to be questioned. It is shrewdly suspected that the failure of this measure before our Congress, was the consequence of the opposition of the United States Chargé, and Executive influence in the Senate, where it failed.
>
> This question of boundary underwent an animated discussion some days since, on a proposition to refer the subject to a committee for report. The opinion of the Chargé controlled some, the old leaven of adhesion to the *Ex* and present Executive, others; it was, however, referred to the Committee on the ayes and noes by a majority of five. So far as I am advised on the subject, it is not intended to interfere by any organic resolution with the boundary, but to express to President Polk our opinion upon it, and our right to it, and as far as possible, to neutralize the injurious effect of the very strange course of the President.
>
> The Convention is destined to have considerable discussion, and a close vote on the immediate organization of a State Government. A large party, if not a majority of the Convention, feel disposed, when the Constitution is submitted to the people, to authorize at the same time the election of a Governor and Representatives—to convene them soon after, and elect our Senators—to transfer all power and authority now exercised by our Executive and Congress, as an independent Government, to the Governor and Legislature. All profess to have lost confidence in the President, but some fear that it is premature, and will have an injurious effect. It is difficult to see the force of this reasoning. In the first place it rids us of a man who does not represent us, and of all the expensive machinery of a badly regulated Government. It also shows we do not distrust the good faith of your Government—that we have fulfilled the conditions of the bond—formed a representative form of Government, and demand, not implore, admission. Should this not be done now, nearly or quite a year will elapse before we can avail ourselves of the benefits arising from representation.

Texas never did claim to the Rio del Norte, but that is no matter. She can now. It will be in perfect keeping with the national robbery which this Government has perpetrated upon Mexico, to rob her still farther of the rich province of Santa Fé, to which her right has always till now, been unquestioned. It is well, however, to make a mark against these acts as we go along. The National Intelligencer gives the following extract from a speech of Mr. Benton on the Tyler Treaty, delivered in May, 1844:

> Concurring with Gen. Jackson now, as I did so many years ago, in the necessity and importance of recovering the country sacrificed by the treaty of 1819, I cannot admit, from anything that I have yet seen, that he is in favor of this particular treaty. I assume the contrary, and rather suppose him to be against it, when seen and examined by him; and that upon data which I will exhibit to the Senate. The data is this; that, in 1829, being the first year of his Presidency, General Jackson undertook to render the great service to his country of getting back our sacrificed territory: and, by instructions through Mr. Van Buren to our Minister in Mexico, proposed to purchase back the whole or part of the dismembered territory which could be obtained. That proposition of Gen. Jackson *did not go the length of this treaty by two thousand miles!* It stopped at the mountains which lie at the head of the Red River and Arkansas—and which divided the ancient Louisiana from New Mexico—and in the desert prairies which lie to *the east of the Nueces!* *His proposition included no part of New-Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Tamaulipas. It extended to no part of the river, nor even of the valley, of the Rio del Norte.* Not a drop of the water of that river—not an inch of the soil of its valley—did he propose to disrupt from its old possessor, and to incorporate into our Union. General Jackson was a wise man, and a just man, and he was assisted by another man, his Secretary of State, who was also wise and just. *They meditated no such crime or folly as that of adding the left bank of the Rio del Norte, from the head to the mouth, to our Union.* In seeking to recover the dismembered part of our own country, they did not undertake to dismember the empire of a neighbor. Like a general, he saw the *natural frontier* of his country *in the ridge of mountains at the head of the Red River and Arkansas*, and in the desert prairies which lie *east of the Nueces*; and, like a statesman, he was for limiting the domain of his country to this natural frontier. Leaving the whole valley of the Rio del Norte to the Mexicans, and taking the whole valley of the Mississippi to ourselves, he sought a line suitable to both parties, *more than a hundred miles this side of the Rio Grande*, and even east of the little river Nueces, a solitary frontier stream, connected with no system of rivers, and without a single geographical affinity, and falling into the Gulf of Mexico in a shallow and difficult part of its coast. This was his boundary, and no act of his life shows a more wise and enlightened forecast. A less sagacious head would have stood out for our ancient claim to the *lower* Rio del Norte; his judgment enabled him to see that it would be an encroachment upon the geographical divisions of Mexico—would bring the population of two great countries into contact and collision—give rise to disputes for the navigation of the river, and the possession of its mouth—and sow the seeds of eternal dissension in advancing the salient angle of one empire into the natural domain of the other. His sagacious mind saw this; and, waiving the question of old limits, he took those which the future peace and harmony of the two countries required, and left the whole extent of the Rio del Norte—every inch of its soil, and every drop of its waters, with all its towns and villages, and all its fields and flocks—to its ancient possessors, who had held it for centuries."

Valedictory.

The friends of Buffum and Douglass held a meeting in Lynn, to bid them farewell. The Pioneer says the meeting was very large and interesting. The Hutchinsons were present at it. The following resolutions were passed:

> Resolved, As the sense of this great gathering of the inhabitants of Lynn and vicinity, that we extend to our esteemed fellow-citizens, Frederick Douglass and James N. Buffum—whose proposed departure for England has brought this "uncounted multitude" together—our heartiest good wishes for a successful issue of their journey.
>
> Resolved, That we are especially desirous that Frederick Douglass, who came to this town a fugitive from Slavery, should bear with him to the shores of the Old World, our unanimous testimony to the fidelity with which he has sustained the various relations of life, and to the deep respect with which he is now regarded by every friend of liberty throughout our borders.
>
> Resolved, also, That we rejoice to welcome among us on this occasion our distinguished guests—"The Hutchinson Family,"—from New Hampshire, feeling it no small honor that their farewell song should have been poured into our hearts;—and we unite with innumerable friends of humanity in every part of our country in at once regretting that our gifted friends are to leave us, and congratulating old England that she is about to receive, in their presence, so large an accession to their musical and philanthropic ability.

"Honor to whom Honor."

In last week's paper is an article with the caption, "Progress in Maryland," in which an extract is given from a letter of "a correspondent of one of the city papers." This was an error. The letter, I have since learned, was written for, and first published in the Boston Atlas. The blunder, however, was no fault of mine. The extract was cut from one of our city papers—what one I have forgotten—where it was not credited to the Atlas, and I had no means of knowing its real parentage, as the Atlas does not exchange with the Standard. I nevertheless beg pardon of the Atlas for the inadvertent mistake. It is a good sign that Northern papers will not only admit good anti-slavery matter into their columns, but are as desirous of the accustomed credit in these instances as in any others.

A Travelling Preacher.

A preacher, who has a license to exhort from the Elder of the Stone River Circuit, or Marfreesboro' Station, Kentucky, has recently absented himself from his home, and a reward of $400 is offered for his apprehension.—His age is about forty years, and he is described as a good preacher and singer. It is supposed that he will endeavor to gain his subsistence by his clerical vocation. It is said, also, that he writes well.

Now all this is from a description of this clergyman, in a late Kentucky paper, and when it is added that the man has been guilty of no crime, one not acquainted with our glorious Republican and Christian institutions would be at a loss to understand why he should abscond, and why so large a reward should be offered for his capture. But there is nothing strange about it—the man is a slave. Should "Richard," for that is his name, find his way into some Northern Conference of the church of which he is an accredited preacher, he would doubtless be reprimanded for his disobedience to the text:—"Servants be obedient to your masters."

GOOD.—The Rev. Mr. Wells, of Peterboro, offered the following resolution, at the "Christian Anti-Slavery Convention," held at Hamilton, Madison county, on the 30th ultimo:

> Resolved, That the continued opposition, silence, or inactivity of any church, in a case so clearly demanding sympathy and effort, as that of the American slave, makes it the indispensable duty of the friends of Liberty and pure religion, to come out of it.

Now this is to the point, and if it is an index to the proceedings of the Convention, I should like to know more of them. This resolution I cut from an exchange paper, which says it was passed. I think the meeting must have been a small one, as there are very few clergymen, or church-members, who will be willing to carry out the spirit of the resolution. One of the brethren, good pious soul, desired that it be recorded on the minutes of the meeting that he both voted and spoke against the resolution. I wonder if he remembered another Record that he believes in.

EMIGRATION TO LIBERIA.—The Sun says that a number of colored people of this city talk of sending out a committee to Liberia to examine the country and select a site for a colony if it shall seem advisable. That paper thinks favorably of the project, as of course all enemies of the colored people would. But they had better stay at home. Their condition here is yearly growing better, and if they wish to emigrate from the more populous parts of this country, the day is not far distant when the whole West, north of the Ohio, will be open to them without subjecting them to the cruel oppression of the "black laws." Better stay at home, friends, and labor for the abolition of that system one of the fruits of which is the continual tendency to drive you into exile.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Rain in Summer. A Dirge. *Miscellany:* Pen and Ink Sketches—A Day with Hannah More. Mary McHugh. Labor in New-York.

FIRST PAGE.—*Peculiar Institution:* Execution of a Slave. *Pro-Slavery:* Gov. Hammond's Letter on Southern Slavery, *(continued)*. *Selections:* The First of August in Leicester. Case of Conscience—Political Abolitionism. John Randolph's Liberated Slaves.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communications:* Letter from Ohio. Letter from Canada. Letter from J. A. Burr.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many thanks for your communications. They shall be attended to all in turn. Our South Carolina friend shall appear next week.

☞ Isaac Trescott, of Salem, Ohio, is informed that the amount he paid was duly remitted. The error was in the types.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

From the New-Orleans Tropic, Extra, of August 14th.

Important from Mexico.

Arrival of the Water Witch—No Declaration of War—10,000 Mexican Troops on their March to Texas.

We hasten to lay before the readers of the Tropic the latest news from Mexico. The WATER WITCH, Capt. Trennis, left Vera Cruz on the 5th inst. and arrived here between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning. It seems that, after all the gasconading despatches of the Mexican Minister, a declaration of war is now very doubtful.

Our prompt and intelligent correspondent tells the whole story.

VERA CRUZ, Aug. 4th, 1845.

Dear Sirs: I last had this pleasure, per Relampago, which left here on the 23d ult. No arrivals have since taken place from your port.

The election of a new President commenced on the 1st instant, for which there are four candidates—say, Gen. Herrera, President ad interim, Gen. Almonte, ex-Mexican Minister at Washington, Gomez Farias, and one other, whose name has escaped my memory. The Presidency, however, seems to lay between the two former, one of whom it is supposed will be the successful candidate.

Almonte has offered his services to Government in the approaching campaign against Texas, but I rather think it is more a *"ruse de guerre"* to help him to the Presidency, than any great desire he has got to have a brush with the Texans—or, as I ought rather to say *now*, the United States.

H. B. M. brig of war Persian, arrived here on the 27th ult. in seven days from Galveston, bringing the news of the Annexation of Texas being confirmed by the President, Jones—and also that a body of U. S. troops, say about 4,000 men, were expected at Galveston in the course of a few days.

It appears our Government is in no hurry to declare war against the United States, or at any rate, it seems to be the general opinion that she will merely attempt to re-conquer Texas without making any declaration of war. Of course the news by the Persian caused a great excitement throughout the country. The Ministry has presented an act to the two Chambers for their deliberation.

1st. To declare war against the United States.

2d. Authorizing them to raise a foreign or national loan to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars, which they consider to be requisite to carry on a war and reconquer Texas.

The proposals are now under discussion in the Chambers, and if they get the "l'argent," there is no doubt they will make the attempt to again get possession, though it is doubtful whether they declare war against the United States or not.

Of course you have heard ere this, of the revolution at Tobasco, in favor of Federalism, which has induced Government to declare said port closed to foreign as well as native shipping, but is rather puzzled to find out how they will keep out the former, as they have not got a single steamer that they can get ready in less than eighteen or twenty days, all the engineers being still, as I may say, loafing on shore and waiting for their pay, of which, for some months past, they have received but a mere trifle.

The Tariff question is still under discussion, or rather has been referred to a Committee, but if they procrastinate as they generally do, God knows when we shall get sight of the long-expected document—and in the meantime the country will lose a great deal, as merchants do not like to ship with so much uncertainty.

I have nothing farther of interest to inform you of at present, and beg to subscribe myself, gentlemen, very respectfully, yours.

AUG. 5.—The Water Witch not sailing yesterday, I open to say that we have no news from the American Squadron, but it is thought here that it will soon appear. It is said that the troops now on the road to Texas, amount to 10,000 men. Yours, etc.

From the New Orleans Picayune, August 17th.

Texas and Mexico.

Important Movement of Troops—Requisition for men on our Government—The Call Responded to.

About 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon business took us out of our office; and as we went down Camp, and on to the post-office, we saw citizens grouped together at every corner, talking intently about—we then knew not what. They seemed elated and in high spirits; and as they consisted promiscuously of both Whigs and Democrats, we knew that the cause of their rejoicing must be something more than a mere political party triumph.

When two men met, we could hear one tell the other, with a significant smile, to sharpen "Uncle Alexander," (the big sword,) and the latter would remind his friend how necessary it *now* was for him to burnish up his old rifle, "rugged-muzzled Bess." We soon learned

What had caused this great commotion
The city through.

It was, at the time we speak of, publicly and very generally known that the veteran, Gen. Gaines, commanding the Southern military division of the United States, had made a demand on Governor Mouton for one thousand men or more for the national service, and that the Governor promptly made a requisition on General Lewis, commanding the first division of the Louisiana militia, for the required force, viz: two regiments of volunteers, of ten companies each; one of them to consist of musketeers, and one of riflemen, and two of companies of artillery, with eight field pieces. The requisition was of course immediately responded to, and will be put forthwith into execution.

It was the knowledge of this fact that caused the excitement among our citizens which we have attempted to describe; it was this that made them seem as if

Their souls were in arms and eager for the fray;

We understand that the whole of the artillery force of the city—a most effective and well-armed corps—have volunteered their services, and that they have been accepted. Our gallant uniformed infantry companies are not, in the meantime, listlessly resting on their arms; calls for meetings of the officers of the Washington Regiment and Louisiana Volunteers may be seen in our paper to-day.

In fact, the question will not be, "Who will be suffered to remain at home?" but, "Who will be *permitted* to enrol themselves amongst the defenders of their countrymen beyond the Sabine?" Before to-morrow's sun ascends the meridian, the draft, in mercantile phrase, will be honored, and were it numerically ten times the amount which it is, it would be met with the same alacrity and good will.

This movement is said to be consequent upon authentic information which has reached Gen. Gaines, of the advance of 10,000 *Mexican troops to a point within eight day's march of Gen. Taylor's quarters.* We are not aware of the precise disposition which is to be made of the volunteer force; the great body of them, we believe, go to reinforce Gen. Taylor's command.

We, like the rest of our citizens, have no apprehension for the result. If a conflict comes, the vain and pusillanimous nation which excites it will inevitably be the sufferers. Should their temerity carry them to such lengths, we trust they will be met at the outset by a force that will teach them the prowess of our people, and how ridiculously Utopian is the idea that leads them to believe they can cope with us in arms any more than in arts.

This humanity, as well as valor, demands of us; for, by a decisive stroke—one that will inspire them with a due degree of terror—thousands of poor wretches who may be dragged in chains from their homes, will, seeing the utter hopelessness of their cause, save their lives by at once making in double quick time, an *advance backwards*. Whatever the strategy or manœuvring of our enemies, let them *but* provoke hostilities, and victory will certainly be found folded in the flag of our Union.

From the New Orleans Tropic Extra, August 14.

Still Later from Texas.

The cutter Woodbury, Capt. Foster, which left Aransas on the 6th, and Galveston on the 10th, has just arrived.

Maj. Donelson came passenger in the Woodbury.

The ships Victoria and Suviah were to leave Aransas on the 8th.

The United States steamer, Monmouth, had arrived at Aransas in a leaking condition, so bad that the pumps were going continually to keep her afloat.

We have received the Galveston News of the 8th. The sloop-of-war, St. Mary, arrived at Galveston on the 7th, from Corpus Christi. There are 1,000 troops at St. Joseph's Island, where they are comfortably situated. Their ulterior destination seems not to have been fully determined upon. The Falmouth was daily expected in the Gulf. Speaking of the Mexican elections, which took place on the 1st instant, the News says:

The result of the contest for the Presidency of Mexico between Herrera and Gomez Farias, which was to take place on the 1st instant, will be looked for with considerable interest. Herrera is said to be in favor of centralism, and Farias has the full confidence of the liberal party. He advocates the restoration of the Constitution of 1824. It is said his prospects of success are far the most favorable. Possibly his election may give to Mexico a period of comparative repose from the oppression and anarchy of a succession of civil revolutions.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Texas—Important.—The editor of the Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer says, in his paper of the 2d instant, that he has been placed in possession of certain items of Texan news, through the politeness of Mr. Gregg, of Marshall, Harrison county, Texas. Among these items we find the following:

"The Dragoons that were ordered into Texas were rendezvoused near Nacogdoches, waiting for the employment of wagons and the engagement of supplies necessary for their consumption, we understood have been ordered immediately to Austin by forced marches, and much excitement was created in Harrison county by the movement; as the orders were not accompanied with any assigned cause for the movement, many feared that the Camanches might have threatened a descent upon that city while the Convention was in session, to capture the members. The orders for the engagement of wagons, &c. were countermanded, and the troops at once put in motion for Austin."

General Items.

Slavery in Mississippi.—By a provision in the Constitution of Mississippi, the introduction of slaves into the State is prohibited after the present year. This prohibition extends not only to the introduction of slaves as merchandise, but settlers within the State cannot import them for their own use. This state of things induced the Legislature, at its last session, to authorize the people to vote on a proposition to change this provision. It excites general attention. The New Orleans Bulletin thinks that the popular sentiment is against any change.

Causing the Dumb to Speak.—The Lexington Observer states that Jacob F. Toadhunter, born deaf and dumb, aged twenty-five years, has been taught to articulate by his instructor, Robert T. Anderson. The editor was incredulous, when he heard this statement, but Jacob called on him, bade him "good morning," made himself distinctly understood in conversation, and read a chapter in the Bible with ease and clearness.

Yankee Clocks.—The extent to which the clock manufacture is carried in Connecticut, may be conjectured from the business of a single establishment in New Haven (Jerome's) This establishment turns out 50,000 clocks a year, and the entire work, except putting the parts together, is done by machinery. The bulk of this year's manufacture, it is stated, is designed for the English, Scotch, and Canada markets.

Murder.—We are informed says the Macon Messenger, that a negro woman was murdered by the overseer of Col. H. G. Lamar, at his plantation in this county, on Monday evening, 4th inst. From all that we can learn of the circumstances, the act was committed for very slight cause. The woman was stabbed severely with a knife in the left breast, and her skull fractured by a blow with a rock, of which she died immediately. The name of the overseer is Thomas Freeman, who has been arrested and is now in jail in this city, fully committed for murder. Should the case prove as it had been represented, the severest penalty of the law should be enforced.—*Chatahooche (Lagrange, Ga.) Gazette.*

The Dark Cloud of War!—The Washington Union of Tuesday, contains a translation of the report and resolutions submitted by the Mexican Minister of Finance to the Chamber of Deputies, the object of which is to empower the Executive to contract a loan of fifteen millions of dollars. It comes in the Diario del Gobierno of July 21st, received at the Department of State via Pensacola, and it must remove all doubt as to the intentions of Mexico. The Minister says:

"On the 19th of April of the present year, I had the honor to present to the august Chamber of Deputies a report proposing various means which the Government considered proper to be adopted, in order to obtain resources for making war on Texas. At that time some hope remained that the efforts of the Government to avoid war, and its fatal consequences, might prove successful. That hope is now forever lost; and there are no other alternatives for Mexico than infamy and slavery on the one side, or war, with all its disasters and calamities on the other. Mexico has been provoked to this war, and for a long series of years has borne this provocation; and her people would now be unworthy to preserve the country which their fathers conquered by their blood, if they should not arm and rise in a mass to oppose an iniquitous aggression, in defence of their nationality, and to secure respect as an independent people. The time for talking and discussing the incontestable rights of Mexico in the Texas question, is now past; and the period has arrived when we must act with rapidity and decision, in order to sustain our national cause before the whole world, which is observing us, and which will fix its eyes upon us, to see whether we are worthy to be regarded as a nation, or only to be conquered as a horde of savages. The Government has been unable to resist the calls of duty, or the unanimous voice of the nation, and is decided by necessity to engage in war. The Minister of Foreign Relations has already submitted his proposition to declare war; and, without doubt, the national Congress will decree it, in obedience to the wishes of the Republic."

The Minister goes on to say, that in order to prosecute the war with vigor, a loan, either national or foreign, of $15,000,000 will be necessary; and he intimates his belief that oppressive measures may be necessary to raise this large amount, which means that wealthy citizens of Mexico must be compelled to lend assistance. He concludes by submitting the following propositions:

"*First.* The Government is authorized to contract a loan, either national or foreign, which may bring into the Treasury a disposable amount of fifteen millions of dollars.

"*Second.* For the extinction of the debt created by this loan, and the payment of the interest, the Government will hypothecate all the revenues of the nation not already hypothecated for other payments.

"*Third.* The Government will present to Congress an account of every loan which it may contract in virtue of this authorization, and a statement of the objects to which the amount of such loan is devoted.

"LUIS DE LA ROSA."

From Jamaica.—We have a file of the Kingston Journal to the 29th of July; but our stock of knowledge is little enlarged by the acquisition.

Great preparations were made by the colored people to celebrate the anniversary of their emancipation—the 1st of August. The sugar question is discussed at great length and of course with vehement opposition to the admission of slave-grown sugar into England.

The Journal has a good laugh over a story which appeared, some time ago, in one of the New Orleans papers, that there were 20,000 well-disciplined black troops in Jamaica, and that several war steamers were lying in Kingston harbor, with a supposed destination for the Gulf of Mexico. The Journal says that not a solitary war steamer was there at the time referred to, and that there are scarcely 2,000 black troops in her Majesty's service, all told.—*Com. Adv.*

Troops for Texas.—Gen. Worth, the commanding officer at St. Augustine, has received orders to send three companies of United States troops from that post to New Orleans.

Heirs Wanted.—The Newark Daily Advertiser contains an advertisement requesting all persons of the name of Townley, and descendants of that name, to meet at Elizabethtown, N. J., on the 21st instant, to make arrangements for prosecuting their claim to a very large estate in England, which has been ascertained to have been left by will to heirs in this country. The Boston Chronicle says that it learns from private information that the inheritance referred to is not reckoned by thousands but by millions of pounds sterling.

Pro-Slavery in Vermont College.—Application was recently made by Gov. Slade, in behalf of four well educated colored youth of Philadelphia, for their admission to the classes of Middlebury College, provided they should sustain the usual examination as to character and qualifications. After a consultation with the faculty, President Larabee returned for answer, that they would take *one* of the four, but thought it was requiring too much to ask them to take the whole! Application was then made to Dartmouth College, N. H., and an answer promptly returned that they would all be gladly permitted.—*Liberty Standard.*

Temperance in State Prison.—Hon. S. F. Carey, of Ohio, addressed the convicts of our State Prison at Charlestown, yesterday, on the subject of Temperance, with wonderful effect. We are told that many wept, and that the occasion was one of deep solemnity. The whole number there is 192; and, when it was proposed for all to rise who had been intemperate and wished to reform, a large majority were up instantly, showing the connection of crime with strong drink.

Boston Traveler, Monday.

Fatal and Distressing Event.—We record with painful regret a most tragical occurrence that took place last evening, about six o'clock, on Pennsylvania avenue, near Fuller's Hotel; when, on account of some misunderstanding between RUFUS ELLIOTT, (a brother-in-law of Mr. John C. Rives,) WILLIAM Z. KENDALL, (a son of Mr. Amos Kendall,) and JOSIAH R. BAILEY, the party first named shot Mr. Kendall dead on the spot, and severely shattered the left arm of Mr. Bailey, by two discharges from one of Colt's revolving pistols. Mr. E. then made his escape, and had not been arrested at nine o'clock. There are so many contradictory stories in circulation respecting the circumstances of this melancholy affair, that we purposely refrain from giving any of the reports that have reached us in regard to it.

Intelligencer.

NOTICES.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your diligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his sufferings shall we seek respite from our labors in his behalf? Trusting that you are as ready for this work as ourselves, we suggest that you should immediately begin to inquire what you can give or do for this purpose, and how you can best enlist the services of your friends and neighbors. Will some active friends of the cause take measures for forming sewing circles in their neighborhoods, where articles may be manufactured, donations deposited, and interest excited for the Fair? From such a measure, much benefit, beside pecuniary emolument, results to the Anti-Slavery cause. Will not the friends of the cause in Chester, Bucks, and other counties, adopt this plan, and furnish tables, to be superintended by themselves at the Fair? And will not those who cannot conveniently unite with these circles, be diligent and faithful in individual effort? Of all the friends of the slave in city and country, we ask aid. Of the merchant, we ask contributions of merchandise, of the mechanic, the fruit of his handiwork; of the farmer, the produce of his garden, fields, and poultry-yard. But we ask of all *only* the products of *free* and *requited* labor.

Let us, dear friends, commence our efforts with a determination that our next Fair shall yield great and good results to our cause, and *it will do so*.

Contributions may be sent to any member of the Committee, or to J. M. McKim, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Emma Parker,	*Anna M. Hopper,*
Mary Grew,	*Maria M. Davis,*
Sarah M. McKim,	*Sarah Pugh,*
Hester Reckless,	*Martha Carman,*
Lydia Gillingham,	*Sarah Douglass,*
Gertrude K. Burleigh,	*Sarah Lewis,*
Elizabeth J. Neall,	*Margaret Jones,*
Olive Bacon,	*Emily A. Winslow,*
Hannah L. Stickney,	*Margaret Griscom,*
Mary T. Stickney.	*Teresa K. Hallowell,*

ABOLITIONISTS OF RHODE ISLAND.

DEAR FRIENDS,—*The Annual Fair* of the *Providence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society*, will be held in this city on the *first Wednesday* (Commencement Day) of September, 1845.

On behalf of this Fair, we would address not only the friends of Freedom in Rhode Island, but the enemies of Slavery everywhere. "Our Country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind." We are endeavoring to overcome, not only *our* foes, but the foe of universal freedom and of all freemen. The *spirit* of Slavery recognizes, not geographical limits, neither should the saving spirit of freedom. The friends of *Slavery* make common cause. They pour out their sympathy to each other in overwhelming currents. Why should localities throw the cramping cords of restraint around the *energies*, and the blasting influences of non-co-operation, about the *fellowship* of the truly free?

The recent startling and bloody aggressions of the slave spirit in threatening, imprisoning, branding, shooting, and murdering those of our brethren who dare feel speak, and act for the bondman as bound with him; who dare think that mercy is *not* a crime, call for strengthened and more powerful, nay, unwearied exertions—more self-denial—personal sacrifice on our part, that we may bid the monster back to the hellish place of its birth. As a nation, we are on the verge of ruin. The prisons, the bloody defiance of the oppressor—the cry of our murdered brother's blood, from every mountain and valley—plain and swamp, of the South;—the shriek of the captured fugitive, as he is hurled back to bondage by slavery's northern "hell dogs;"—all these and more, proclaim to us that inaction *is treason*, and silence, *crime*.

Come and help us. Help us expel from the world a monster spirit that gluts upon the liberties and lives of God's free men. Be not penurious—"As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." Your own bodies are imprisoned—the fetters are on *your* limbs—the iron in *your* soul—inasmuch as this is your brother's fate.

Give us of your substance—no matter of what name, kind or nature it may be—everything—anything will be valuable. Almost *every* person has *something* that may be devoted to this purpose. Will you not hunt it up? Do it for humanity's sake—for God's sake—for your own sake.

All contributions, or communications for information or otherwise, may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorance Streets, care of Amarancy Paine.

S. R. Harris,	*Hannah B. Shove.*
Mary R. Clarke,	*Lucretia Francis,*
Abby Thurber,	*Olive Taber,*
Sarah B. R. Foster,	*Abby A. Lake,*
Caroline Ashley,	*Abby Burgess,*
Sarah R. Smith,	*Mary Smith,*
Elizabeth H. Brown,	*Amarancy Paine.*

PROVIDENCE, May 10th, 1845.

THE CHAMPION OF FREEDOM.

A monthly sheet, devoted to the *Free Produce* enterprise, and Industrial Association, is again to be resumed, at the following reduced terms. Three copies, (of twelve each,) $1, seven for $2, twelve for $3, and twenty-three for $5. To those wishing to purchase by the quantity, for gratuitous distribution, it is offered at $2 per hundred, or 25 cts. per dozen.

It should be borne in mind, that *this periodical is the first, and* (as yet) *the only one in the world whose main feature is the application of the abstinence principle to the product of slave labor.*

LORENZO MABBETT.

SODUS DOMAIN, New Alton, Wayne co, N. Y. Alton P. O. ☞ Anti-Slavery papers please copy.

BARGAIN EXTRAORDINARY!

THE "*Amity Mill*" property, near Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, is now, owing to *an absolute necessity*, on the part of the owners, *to make sale*, offered *at more than fifty per cent. below its cash value.* The property consists of an *excellent farm* of one hundred and sixty acres, with good buildings. One hundred and twenty acres of the land, cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The mill is one of considerable note, and its flour is in good repute at the East. This building is nearly new, and is not surpassed in execution and convenience by any flouring mill in the State. It is *five* stories high, has three run of Burrs, two of these have ground and manufactured in twenty-four hours, *one hundred barrels of flour*. The water-wheel is secured from all obstacles by ice. Space will not admit of a full description of the building. Its conveniences of conveying wheat from one story to another, its various apartments, the completeness of its machinery, &c. &c. must be seen to be understood, or their value appreciated. The supply of water is ample, except at times of the greatest drought. The building alone, cost at least, *ten thousand* dollars. Adjacent to the mill are, an *oil mill*, thirty feet by thirty-four feet, four stories; a good dwelling, twenty-two feet by thirty-two feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a store-house, eighteen feet by twenty-four feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a warehouse, fifteen feet by fifty feet. Also, a cooper-shop, sixteen feet by one hundred and six feet.

The property lies in one of the best wheat growing regions in Ohio, and but three miles from Salem, a very thriving town, of twenty stores, and a population of one thousand two hundred, but without water-power.

This property cost $20,000, and is now offered at the low sum of $8.500—$3,000 only required in hand.

For further particulars, inquire of

B. B. DAVIS, Agent.

Salem, 6th mo. 5th, 1845.—2m.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1844.	3.75 a 3.78
Pearl	4.06½ a .
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11
Sperm	27 a 29
Stearic do.	20 a 24
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	9.25 a 9.50
Newcastle	8.00 a 8.50
Scotch	6.75 a 7.37½
Sidney and Pictou	6.75 a 7 37½
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	4.50 a 5.50
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	9 a 10
Sumatra	6¾ a 7
Porto Rico	6¾ a 8
Laguayra	7 a 7½
Cuba	6 a 7
Brazil	6½ a 7¾
St. Domingo	5¾ a 6
COTTON.	
New Orleans	6½ a 10
Alabama	6½ a 10
Florida	6 a 8
Upland	6 a 8
Upland, fair	7½ a 7¾
Upland, good and fair	8½ a 8¾
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4	5 a 6½
do. do. 7-8	6 a 7
do. bleached	7 a 9
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6½ a 7½
do. do. 5-4	10½ a 12½
do. bleached 4-4	7 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	7 a 12
do. fancy	6 a 14
Plaids	9 a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8 a 10
Satinetts	40 a 75
Checks 4-4	8 a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	15 a 16
do. 14 a 19	18 a 20
do. 20 a 28	22 a 28
DRUGS & DYES.	
Alum, lb.	3 a 3½
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.60 a 1.
Copperas	1½ a 1¾
Gum Myrrh, E. Indies,	11 a 13
do. copal washed	31 a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	35 a 45
Madder, Dutch	12 a 16½
Oil of Anis	1.50 a 1.
castor, gall.	57 a .62½
Tartaric acid, lb.	40 a 42
Verdigris	18 a 21
Vitriol, blue	a 7½
DYEWOODS.	
Brazilletto, ton	16.00 a 18.00
Camwood	25.00 a 70.00
Fustic, Cuba	26.00 a 30.00
do. Tampico	16.00 a 18.00
Logwood, Cpy.	25.00 a 30.00
FEATHERS.	
Live, foreign lb.	12 a 25
do. American	26 a 30
FISH.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.37½ a .
Dry scale	1.25 a 1.50
Pickled, bbl.	3.00 a 3.25
do. salmon,	12.50 a 13.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9 a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	18.00 a 13.50
do. No. 2	10 75 a 11.00
do. No. 3	6.50 a 6.75
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	5.75 a 5.87½
Bucksp't. bbl.	7.50 a 8.00
Mass. do.	10.00 a 10.50
Herring, pickled	3.50 a .
do. scale, per box,	37½ a .40
do. No. 1	24 a .
do. No. 2	18 a .
FLAX.	
Russia, lb.	9 a 11
American	6½ a 7½
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Genesee per bbl.	4.25 a 4.31¼
Troy	4.25 a 4 31¼
Michigan	4.12½ a 4.25
Ohio, round and flat	4.12½ a 4.25
Pennsylvania	4.75 a 4.87½
Brandywine	4.75 a 5.00
Georgetown	. a 4.75
Baltimore c. mills	4 62½ a 4.75
Richmond c. mills	6.00 a .50
do. country	.00 a 4.75
Alexandria	4.75 a 4.87½
Fredericksburg	. a 4 87½
Petersburg	. a 4.87½
Rye flour	2.87½ a 3.25
Indian meal	2.31¼ a 2.56¼
do. per hhd.	11.75 a 11.
GRAIN.	
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	.90 a 1.00
do. Southern new	.80 a .90
Rye northern	68 a .69
Corn north'n & Jersey	51 a .54
Southern (weight)	48 a .49
Barley, N.R.	55 a .58
Oats, northern	44 a .45
do. southern	30 a .32
do. New-Jersey	
Beans, tce.	6.12 a 7.62½
HEMP.	
Russia, clean, ton	190.00 a 200.00
outshot	180.00 a 190.00
Manilla	142.50 a 0.00
American, dew rot	85.00 a 95.00
do. water rot	125.00 a 175.50
HIDES.	
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	12½ a 12¾
California	4 a 11
Orinoco	11 a 11¾
Mexican	9½ a 11
S. American horse, piece	a
Calcutta, dry	65 a .75
HOPS.	
First sort 1844, lb.	12½ a 15½
HORNS.	
Ox, hundred	6.00 a 8.50
Cow	2 00 a 3.00

IRON.	
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	35.00 a 36 00
do. American	35.00 a 37.50
Bar do. rolled	85.00 a 87 50
do. Russia P, S, I,	102.50 a 105.00
do. do. N. Sable	a
do. Swedes	85 00 a .
do. Eng. com.	75 00 a .
do. do. refined	85.00 a 87 50
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	7 a 7½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
LEAD.	
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.87½ a .50
Bar, lb.	4 a 4½
Sheet	4½ a
LEATHER.	
Oak lb. (sole.)	19 a 24
Hemlock, light	14 a 15
do. middle	14 a 15
do. heavy	13 a 14
do. damaged	11½ a 13
LUMBER.	
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	30.00 a 35.00
do. east pine	10 00 a 11.00
do. Albany, piece	7 a .17
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	22.00 a 30.00
Scantling pine	14.00 a 16.00
do. oak	30.00 a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.25 a .37
do. Ga. yel. pine	.35 a .40
Shingles, cy. M.	11.00 a 13.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50.00 a .00
do. do. hhd.	40.00 a .00
do. do. bbl.	30.00 a .00
do. r oak hhd.	28.00 a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00 a 45.00
Hoops	25.00 a 30.00
MOLASSES.	
New-Orleans, gall.	28 a 31
Porto Rico	26 a 30
St. Croix	29 a 31
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscova	26 a 28
Martinique & Guadal.	— a
Havana & Matanzas	26 a
Neuvitas	28 a 31
NAILS.	
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4½ a 4¾
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)	
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10 a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 9	18 a 20
NAVAL STORES.	
Tar, bbl.	2.25 a 2.37½
Pitch	80 a 1.00
Rosin, N. C. & W.	.54 a .70
Turp. Wil'ton soft	2.87½ a 2.94
do. N. C. soft	2.75 a 2.87½
Spirits turp'tine gal.	40 a 42
OILS.	
Olive, in casks, gall,	90 a 92½
Linseed, American	67 a 68
Whale refined	50 a 55
Sperm, crude	88 a 90
do. winter	95 a 96
Lard oil, summer,	65 a 70
PROVISIONS.	
Beef mess bbl.	9.00 a 9.75
do. prime	5.75 a 6.00
Pork, mess bbl.	13.00 a 13 37½
do. prime	10.00 a 10 75
do. cargo	a
Hog's lard	7½ a 8¼
Butter, West dairy	15 a 16
do. Orange county	18 a 22
do. common	7½ a 7½
Cheese, Am. lb.	6 a 7
Hams smoked	8 a 10
RICE.	
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3 12½ a 3.25
Good to prime,	3.50 a 4.00
SALT.	
Turks Island, bushel,	24 a 27
Bonaire	27 a 28
Curacoa	24 a 26
Ivica	
Cadiz	20 a 21
St. Kitts	a
Lisbon	23 a 24
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.	a 20
do. do. sack	1.00 a 1 10
do. do. fine	1.35 a 1.45
SOAP.	
New-York, brown lb.	3½ a 5½
Castile	8¾ a 9
STEEL.	
German lb.	10½ a 13
English, hoop L.	13 a 13½
Trieste, in boxes	6½ a 7
American	5 a
Spring	5½ a 6
SUGARS.	
St. Croix, lb.	6¾ a 8
New-Orleans	5½ a 7¾
Cuba, Muscovado	6 a 7½
Porto Rico	6½ a 7¾
Havana, white	10 a 11
do. brown	7½ a 9
Cuba, white	8½ a 9
do. brown	6½ a 8
Brazil, white	8¾ a 9
Manilla, brown	6½ a 6¾
Loaf	10½ a 11
Crushed	10½ a 11
TALLOW.	
Foreign, lb.	
American	6½ a 7
TEAS.	
Imperial, lb.	38 a 95
Gunpowder	38 a .95
Hyson	43 a .88
Young Hyson	35 a .85
Hyson skin	22 a 60
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15 a 55
Bohea	a
TIN.	
Block, South Am. lb.	a
do. East India	15⅞ a 16
in plates ½ ⅌ box	9.00 a 9.25
WOOL.	
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	36 a 38
do. merino	32 a 34
Pulled, superfine	31 a 32
No. 1	28 a 30
No. 2	22 a 24

WILLIAM GUNNISON,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT.
101 SOUTH ST. (BOWLY'S WHARF,)
BALTIMORE, MD.

January 9, 12m.

Poetry.

From Graham's Magazine.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters upon the roofs
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane,
It pours and pours,
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets,
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side
Where, far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawney and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry drass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand,
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquatius old,
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And, from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled,
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said:
For his thought, which never stops,
Follows the water drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven,
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth;
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The universe, as an immeasureable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

◆

From the Evening Mirror.

DIRGE.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

In life's freshness, and its fulness—
In thy womanhood's young bloom,
While thy brow was all unclouded
With a darkening ray of gloom—
The Angel Death hath said to thee
"Thy father calls thee home."

And—as fades some lovely vision
In the morning's gathering light,
Or as sinks some unsphered radiance
From the starry crown of night,
Or as dies some burst of music—
Thou hast vanished from our sight.

Far across the foaming waters
From the country of thy birth,
From thy childhood's friends and memories,
From thy father's silent hearth,
A strange soil unveils its bosom
And must clasp thee, earth to earth.

But the soft Spring sky bends o'er thee,
As thou goest to thy rest,
And Mount Auburn's green recesses,
Soon in beauty will be drest,
And with waving leaves and blossoms
Welcome in their lovely guest.

And when Summer all her glory
O'er that hallowed scene shall shed,
Then shall come the loved and living
With hushed voice and noiseless tread,
And with tears bedew the flowers
In that city of the dead.

There, where winds sigh through the pine-trees,
Where the silver water flows,
Where the pale stars keep their vigils,
And the genial sunlight glows—
Oh, how calm will be thy slumber!
How I envy thy repose!

There, young mother—with thy nursling,
Safely pillowed on thy heart,
Safely shielded from the tempest,
From the poison and the dart—
Ye will fade away together
As the violets depart.

But not thus, oh, gentle stranger,
Shall thy loved remembrance flee;
In the hearts where thou wast cherished,
The sweet memories of thee,
Like the evergreens above thee,
Fresh and beautiful shall be.

Miscellany.

From the Boston Atlas.

Pen and Ink Sketches,

OF POPULAR PERSONS AND PLACES.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

A Day with Hannah More.

In a former number of this series of Sketches, I have confined myself to notices and recollections of authors, for to tell the plain truth, I have felt some hesitation in taking lady sitters as subjects for my literary pencillings. But several anonymous fair correspondents having intimated a desire that I should gratify them with some description of a few of their own sex, who have rushed into print, I feel bound, in common politeness, to do my best, although the attempt will place me, I fear, in a somewhat perilous position; for, as in these papers I am to guide as truthful a pen as possible, I tremble lest, through ignorance of proper descriptive terms, terms absolutely necessary in articles of this nature, I should convey erroneous impressions, and render myself liable to be laughed at for my pains. I am by no means learned in the mysteries of a lady's toilette, that is, so far as the particular names of the various articles of dress are concerned; and although I manage to convey some idea of the cut of a coat, or the shape of a hat, I am by no means certain that I should exhibit any luminosity in trying to describe the gay or quaint apparelling of a lady. It is all well enough to *make* dresses for heroines in novels and romances, especially if they flourished some fifty or a hundred years ago; hooped, quilted petticoats, point-lace stomachers, high-heeled shoes, and fardingales, *tell* well in print; but when one would describe matters and things as they now are, the case is different. However, I shall, as in the case of the gentleman whom I have noticed, describe the ladies in a plain, unpretending manner, and as nearly to the life as is desirable in these days of Daguereotypes. If I *should* commit any offences against the inexorable laws of fashion, by unintentionally calling things by any other names than those which the said laws, in their wisdom, have prescribed, I must plead ignorance in excuse, and throw myself upon the mercy of the court.

The first literary lady whom I remember ever to have seen, was one whose works yet remain to improve and edify her own sex in particular, and the world in general. She was invested, too, with a particular degree of interest, owing to the fact that she was among the latest remnants of the blue-stockings of the last century. She had, in her youthful days, mingled in the gay circle of *ton:* had listened to the oracular sayings of Dr. Johnson; echoed the lively sallies which burst forth in Mrs. Delayney's little circle; bandied elegant trifles with that brilliant literary butterfly, Horace Walpole; had been petted by David Garrick; and, in her middle age, and in later years, had been the centre around whom bishops, princesses, and philanthropists, and many of meaner name and note, revolved. I refer to Miss, or, as she is more generally styled, Mrs. Hannah More.

I was but a little fellow when I first saw this celebrated woman; but although then scarcely seven years of age, I retain as vivid an impression of her person and manners as if the interview had occurred only yesterday. Twenty-eight years have rolled over my head since then, and, during the interval, I have watched, on the disc of life's camera, hundreds of busy and noticeable figures go by, and then disappear in darkness forever; but my impressions of the learned old lady are as vivid as ever; and, as I sit, noting down this reminiscence, I can, by a very slight exercise of fancy, see her precise form, and hear her low-toned, musical voice, as distinctly as I did when the sober reality engrossed my attention.

Hannah More was born in the immediate vicinity of my native city, in the same village, indeed, in which John Foster had for many years lived, and died; and, for a considerable portion of her life, she resided within a short distance of her birthplace, in a cottage which she built, and named Cowslip Green. After a seventeen years' residence in this rather lackadaisically-named locality, during which time she was visited by Mr. Wilberforce, and other persons of note, she removed, in 1802, to Barley Wood, near the village of Wrington, in Somersetshire, about fourteen miles from the city of Bristol, and at this place it was that I first saw her.

My mother had, for many years, been on terms of great intimacy with Hannah More and her sisters; and I remember frequently having heard her, in our family circle, read letters which she had received from the celebrated authoress. My two sisters were then about commencing their education, and my mother, who possessed a great degree of reverence for the occupant of Barley Wood, presuming on the strength of old acquaintanceship, had written to Mrs. More, to ask her advice, with respect to the course to be taken, with respect to their studies. This led to a friendly correspondence, and, at length, to an invitation to the "little girls" to spend a week, during the hay-making season, at Barley Wood, which was, I need scarcely say, accepted.

At this time Mrs. More's "Sacred Dramas" were very popular—and from hearing my sister's recitation of them, and occasionally acting a part in them myself, I became pretty familiar with these compositions. Mrs. More's name, too, was so frequently mentioned in terms of admiration, and almost reverence, in my father's house, that I felt a growing desire to see the individual whose lines I so often repeated, and who was so looked up to. It was, therefore, with no little degree of childish delight that one morning I set out with my mother, for the purpose of fetching home my sisters, who had been spending the promised week at Barley Wood.

I had very vague ideas then about people who wrote books; they were mysterious personages to me—and in proportion to my delight in any particular work, was my estimate of the outward and visible appearance of its author. I could hardly, when I *did* think about the matter, realize the writer to be an actual flesh and blood reality. I used to think of him or her more as of a spirit communing with my spirit, than anything else; but I have lived to know better, and to experience the sad reality that many, whose written productions are of an almost imperishable nature, have themselves been, emphatically, but of the earth, earthy.

There were no iron roads in those days, so intersecting the country, in all directions, that, viewed from a height, it appeared that a monstrous gridiron had been laid on the earth; and on the road to Barley Wood, not even a stage-coach ran—so that my mother and myself journeyed toward the place of our destination in what was called a tilted wagon. I had scarcely ever been in the country before, and oh! how keenly I enjoyed that homely ride in the early morning; for we were on our way soon after sunrise, as we intended to make a long day of it. In anticipation of the visit, I had, with a childish vanity, *crammed* myself with scraps of Mrs. More's poetry—and I well remember that I had learned by heart, in the hope that I should be asked to recite it to the authoress, "*The Foolish Traveller, or, a good Inn is a bad Home.*" As we ascended the high Somersetshire hills, I would alight from the cart, and, running on before it, gaze far into the hazy distance, expecting to view some such imposing looking house as I anticipated seeing at the end of our journey; and I would ask a thousand questions about Mrs. More of my mother, until her patience was almost exhausted, and then I would recite, to make sure I had not forgotten it, the fable—and so things went on, until, at length, my mother held me, whilst I stood tiptoe on the front seat of the vehicle, and pointed out the long wished-for spot, when we were yet two miles from it.

We were on the turnpike road, and Barley Wood lay about the distance I have mentioned from us, to the left. It was a picturesque cottage residence, on a hill-side, embosomed amongst trees. Behind it rose a gently sloping hill, richly wooded; in front was a lawn of emerald verdure, enclosed by shrubbery, from which the ground gently declined, until it blended with the valley of Wrington. On our left were the Mendip Hills, and the Quantock range, (famous because of the wanderings of Coleridge, Lloyd, Southey, and Wordsworth among them—it was amongst the Quantock Hills that the "Ancient Mariner" was composed,) rose in the blue distance. The houses of the little village of Wrington lay beneath us, and its pretty tower formed a conspicuous object in the landscape. As we descended the hill, my mother told me of Locke, and when we reached the village and quitted the tilted cart, she led me towards the church, still speaking of the great man. The sharp air of the morning had made me hungry, so we went into a cottage near the church-yard—indeed, it was the pathway leading to it—and I got a draught of milk and piece of brown bread and butter, and after I had despatched these creature comforts, I was informed that I had taken my morning meal in the very room in which John Locke was born. The great philosopher was buried in the adjoining church.

Barley Wood was but a short distance from Wrington, and we determined to walk it. At eight o'clock we quitted the village, and when we had nearly reached Mrs. More's house, my two sisters, who had been watching from the window, came dashing down the lane to meet us, their curls streaming in the wind, and their cheeks glowing with exercise. They were in raptures with Mrs. More, and in five minutes told me all that had occurred during the week. As we neared the gate, they would have dragged me triumphantly into the "Presence," but my half-awe for learned people came over me, and grasping my mother's hand, I entered the shrubbery door, and walked up the lawn.

We had scarcely reached the house, when an elderly lady approached and welcomed us. She was plainly dressed, and presented nothing extraordinary in her appearance. This was Mrs. Hannah More's sister, Martha—she invited us to follow her to the garden, where she said we should find Hannah.

At the back of the cottage was a flower-garden, arranged with exquisite taste, and surrounded with a privet hedge—which hedge, by the way, exhibited one of the absurd fashions of the time—a fashion, not even yet altogether exploded in some of the retired rural districts of England. I mean that of clipping the foliage into fantastic shapes of birds, vases, &c. With this exception, Mrs. More's flower-garden was faultless in arrangement. Near one of these deformed vegetative barriers, we encountered the object of our search.

Hannah More did not perceive us as we approached, for her back was towards my mother and myself, as we walked up the garden pathway, and she was busily employed, too, in trimming one of the before-mentioned vegetable specimens of ornithology. She was dressed in a black silk gown, with a remarkably high waist, according to the fashion of the day—so high, indeed, that it seemed to be just beneath her armpits; this gave an appearance of unusual length to her figure, and afforded a striking contrast to the hour-glass contractions of the present time. Both fashions strike me as being equally ungraceful, and the latter absolutely dangerous, for a few days since, as a lady bowed to me on the Common, I trembled lest she should snap off at her waist-band. Mrs. More's shoulders were covered with a thick shawl, deeply edged with a black lace, for she was an invalid, and her feet were protected by substantial shoes, worsted stockings, and pattens. On her head she wore what was called a high mob cap, with ample bordering of lace, nicely plaited, and tied in a monstrous bow under the chin. On her hands she had black cotton gloves, with long sleeves, the tips of the fingers having been cut off. As soon as she heard our voices, she turned and held out her right hand (in her left was a pair of garden scissors) to welcome us.

This celebrated woman was then past seventy years of age, and very feeble in health, but her face had a surprisingly vivacious expression. I have seen many portraits of her, but never one which conveyed an accurate idea of the original. Pickersgill's, prefixed to the English edition of her works, is the best, but that is too *flashy* in detail for its somewhat staid and sober subject. Her features were small, and furrowed with the lines of age, but her complexion was remarkably clear—almost pure red and white, owing no doubt to her long residence in the country. Her forehead was nearly concealed at the sides by an abundance of false hair, which was disposed in the shape of two huge bundles and bunches of long spiral curls—but in the centre, where these appendages met, or rather from whence they diverged, there was visible an ample cerebric development. The nose had evidently, at one time, been short and thick, but it was now thin and slightly hooked. The mouth was but slightly contracted, and the lips wonderfully plump for so old a woman—her chin was double and dimpled. But the most striking part of her countenance was the expression of her eyes, which were coal-black, deep set, and very brilliant. None of their fire seemed quenched, and in earlier days they must have been very expressive; indeed, they were so when I saw her, despite the drawback of a faded set of features, to match them. Altogether, she was in appearance very plain, very prim, and very precise. After the usual civilities and courtesies had been exchanged, we adjourned to the house, and were ushered into a neat little parlor, the windows of which commanded a fine view of the delightful vale of Wrington. Here a breakfast, consisting of tea, coffee, rashers of bacon and eggs, and rich clotted Somersetshire cream, was laid, and Hannah More, her sister Martha, my mother, sisters, and myself, together with a very plain, stiff-looking body, a Miss Frowd, sat down to it. Mrs. Moore, in introducing my mother to Miss Frowd, said she was her "right hand." Elsewhere she describes her as "her domestic chaplain, secretary, house apothecary, knitter, and lamplighter; missionary to her numerous and learned seminaries, and without controversy, the "Queen of Clubs"—alluding to the charitable institutions, where she took the place which her aged friend could no longer occupy.

For breakfast, Hannah More merely took a little milk and water, in which she placed some plain bread, and of this simple fare she partook very sparingly. "I live almost entirely on physic," said she, to my mother, "and am the best patient Dr. Lovell has. This, however, is no trial to me; for many years ago I had a violent illness, whilst visiting Mr. Thornton, in London, and on recovering from it, lost entirely both my smell and taste. Indeed," she continued, "I never knew a year to pass over my head, a considerable portion of which was not spent in bed, to which I have been confined by illness."

The room in which we sat was decorated with a number of portraits, most of them of dignitaries of the Church. I noticed that one of the frames contained no picture, and with very childish curiosity, asked the reason of it.

"Oh!" said the old lady, "that frame contained the portrait of a player, my dear, an old friend of mine; but as I thought him hardly fit to hang in such good company as bishops, I have removed Davy Garrick to my study."

Now, I had often heard the saying, "*As deep as Garrick*," and I inquired whether her friend, Davy Garrick, was the personage alluded to? Mrs. More turned to my mother, and smilingly said, "Of all the persons I ever knew, poor Davy was the last, whose name I should have thought would have been associated with the idea of design. Excepting in his art, he was simple almost to silliness."

Talking of Garrick, reminds me of an anecdote which I heard Mrs. More relate on a subsequent occasion. Lest it should escape my memory, I will just mention it here, as I am not aware that it has ever been made public.

It is well known that Mrs. Garrick was most devotedly attached to her "dear Davy," as she called him. When the great tragedian died, his wife would not allow a single article in his room to be removed from its place; and, as soon as the coffin was borne from the house, the room in which he died was locked up, and for thirty years no one was permitted to enter it. At the end of that period. Mrs. More informed me, she happened to be visiting her old friend Mrs. Garrick, whom she described as a "little, bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her dear Davy." Some circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary that she should quit her residence, and Mrs. More was present with her when the long-closed room was opened. She said that when the door was thrown back on its hinges, and the window shutters unbarred, the room was actually darkened by millions of moths, which arose from the mouldering bed and the hangings of the room—every square inch of the bed furniture was eaten through and through, and on the air being admitted, dropped to pieces. The solid articles of furniture alone, remained uninjured—but the mouldy smell of everything around was so unendurable that the place had to be fumigated before it was habitable, even for a short time.

Breakfast having been despatched, the domestics were summoned to family devotions, a custom rigidly observed by Mrs. More, every morning and evening. There were eight servants—a large number, it may seem, for two or three maiden ladies to keep; but it must be remembered that almost from morning until night there was a continual influx of company at Barley Wood. Mrs. More conducted the service, which consisted of a portion of the Liturgy; and after this had been read, we all knelt down, and the venerable lady offered up a short extemporaneous prayer, in the course of which she mentioned every individual present by their given names, aptly introducing, where it was practicable, texts of Scripture applicable to their condition or circumstances. Her enunciation was slow, solemn, and very distinct—and it was a fine and impressive sight to see that pious woman, whose fame had literally gone out into the ends of the earth, bowing before the mercy seat, and humbly soliciting for the meanest one in her household, those blessings which make rich and add no sorrow.

Attached to the residence was a large room, in which it was her custom every morning to receive the recipients of her bounty, and where she occupied many hours in the manufacture of articles for the use of the poor, and for charitable purposes; to this place we accompanied her, and there remained some time, witnessing her labors of love. And a pleasant thing it was to witness the quiet way in which she did good—there was no ostentatious parade; the poor came to her, as to a friend, for assistance or advice, and never went away unrelieved. The number of garments she gave away, that morning, was really surprising. To most of the articles was pinned a scrap of paper, on which a text of Scripture was written in her own handwriting—sometimes a tract was added, and in no case, where it was really needed, did any one leave the room without an order on the housekeeper for a supply of food.

During the time my mother was closeted with Hannah More, I rambled, with my sisters, about the house and garden; and I well remember our being attracted to the front gate, by the arrival of a carriage, from which two gentlemen and a lady alighted, and inquired for the lady of the mansion. One of the strangers was a personage far advanced in years, and of a very venerable appearance. He was evidently in ill health, and coughed dreadfully. As he walked up the broad gravel path, he dropped his stick, and I ran to pick it up for him. When I had done so, he took me by the hand, and patted me on the head, and asked me my name. The lady, who was with him, called my little sisters to her, and they soon got friendly, as they rested on a rustic seat. She was, also, in years, and dressed quite in the old style. I have a distinct remembrance of her light, flaxen hair, which she wore in large curls—and of her faint, but pleasant smile, as she took some sweetmeats from her pockets, and gave us children some, which quite won our hearts. The third stranger was a middle-aged gentleman, of harsh and rugged features. His hair was dark, and his eyes of a light grey color. When he spoke, it was with a broad Scotch accent, and a harsh, disagreeable sounding voice, quite different to the winning tones of the old gentleman and lady I have just described. I did not know who either of them were, and soon left them, to proceed with my play.

It was really astonishing what a number of visits Mrs. More had, that day; and I afterwards was informed, that every day, in this respect, was alike. How she managed, with all this visiting, to get through her extensive correspondence and her charitable engagements, I cannot imagine. She herself says, in 1825, "I think I never was more hurried, more engaged, or more loaded with cares, than at present. I do not mean afflictions, but a total want of that article for which I built my house, and planted my grove. I mean retirement; it is a thing I know only by name. I think Miss Frowd says I saw eighty persons, last week—and it is commonly the same every week. I know not how to help it. If my guests are old, I see them out of respect; if young, I hope I may do them a little good; if they come from a distance, I feel as if I ought to see them on that account; if near home, my neighbors would be jealous of my seeing strangers, and excluding them. My levee is, however, from 12 to 3 o'clock, —so that I get my mornings and evenings to myself—except, now and then, an old friend steals in quietly for a night or two." At this time, too, Hannah More had been confined, seven years and two months, to her apartments, which consisted of two rooms—to which it was no want of strength, however, which confined her, but the fear of an exposure to cold, which often threatened to be fatal to her.

The dinner hour, at Barley Wood, was four o'clock; and as a special favor, we children were allowed to dine in the same room with the great people—a little table being set for us in one corner. I must mention, however, that, prior to dinner, whilst taking a turn with my mother and sisters, in the garden, the former asked me if I knew who the old gentleman was, who had patted me on the head in the garden? I replied in the negative, of course.

"Don't you remember the 'Evenings at Home?'"

"Yes, that we do," exclaimed all three of us.

"Well, my dears, that old gentleman, and the lady who was with him, wrote them."

"What! was that old gentleman Dr. Aiken, and the kind lady, who gave us the barley sugar, Mrs. Barbauld, mamma?"

"The same," was the reply—and oh! how proud I felt to have been noticed by such learned folk.

"And pray, who was the other gentleman, who was with them?"

"That," said my mother, "is a Scotch minister and his name is Chalmers." It was even so—but the since celebrated divine did not interest us half as much as the children's book-makers. I believe when we returned home, that we did little else for a week, but read "Evenings at Home," and Barbauld's poems, and tell every one that we had seen the writers.

I was, of course, too young to appreciate the conversation at and after dinner, but I greedily drank it in, and I well remember that anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, Miss Burney, Garrick, and many others, were related. I wish now that I had been old enough to have remembered them. But, as it is, a very slight recollection of them remains.

All through the day, Hannah More was exceedingly kind to us, and, after dinner, we were allowed to sit at the dessert—when, for the edification of the company, my sisters and myself recited a portion of one of Mrs. More's sacred dramas, with which performance, I believe, both ourselves and the audience were very well satisfied—at least, I know I was. Then we were asked sundry questions, and our kind hostess having ascertained that I had a liking for poetry, gave me, with a kiss, a copy of Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming—it was of quarto size, and a presentation copy from the author. The kiss soon evaporated, but the book I retain—with my name written in it, by her own hand—to this day, and it is needless to say I highly value it.

Such was my first interview with the author of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife." In the year 1828, she removed from Barley Wood to Clifton, where, at her residence on Windsor Terrace, I frequently saw her. And, as my parents resided near, she would often send for me to read to her the newspapers of the day. Many is the anecdote she has told me of her early days, and graphically would she describe the brilliant society in which she moved, whilst a young woman, in London. Of Dr. Johnson she was in the habit of speaking in very enthusiastic terms; and frequently said that there never was, and never would be, his equal for solid acquirements. Sir Joshua Reynolds, she said, was a pompous and somewhat disagreeable companion, in consequence of his excessive *hauteur*—but I might fill columns with her colloquial personal criticisms, which were exceedingly delightful to listen to, but might prove tedious on paper.

In talking with Hannah More, one seemed to be living in the brilliant times of Chapone, Montague, Walpole, Prior's "noble, lovely little Peggy," (the Duchess of Portland,) and others of the blue-stocking coteries of the last century. She was very anecdotal, and told a story or anecdote with much point—and her having been a member, and a star of the celebrated circles, of which Madame D'Arblay's Diary gives us such delightful and sprightly glimpses, added greatly, of course, to the interest of her narrations. She was nearly, if not quite, the only survivor of those re-unions, and when Hannah More passed away, the last link which connected those times with our own, was broken.

The last time I saw Hannah More, was in the autumn of 1833, when she was lying on her death-bed. My mother went to bid her old friend farewell, and I accompanied her. But the venerable woman was then a mere wreck. Her frame had long been enfeebled, and now the fine gold of her mind had become dim. She knew no one, and took so little nutriment that it was wonderful how she survived so long. She was greatly altered from what she was when I first saw her—indeed, I should not have known her. I took a last glance, and quitted the chamber. Three days afterwards she died, and, in a week from that date I saw all that was mortal of Hannah More laid in the vault in Wrington church, near the spot where John Locke was buried.

From the Evening Mirror.

MARY McHUGH.

BY MRS. CHILD.

The following extract, which we have been allowed to take from the records of the Prison Association, kept by Isaac T. Hopper, at the office of that excellent institution, No. 13 Pine street, may be interesting to the readers of the Evening Mirror. We trust that this affecting case may at least operate as a caution to employers how they injure the character, and blight the prospects, of poor young creatures engaged in their service.

Mary McHugh belonged to a respectable Irish family in Upper Canada. There being several sisters at home, and her services not needed, she deemed it best to relieve her parents of a part of their burden, by an effort to earn her own living. For that purpose she came to the United States, and entered into the service of Mrs. ——. She discharged the duties of her station in a satisfactory manner, and secured the confidence and affectionate good will of the family.

At the death of Mrs. ——, she engaged with another family in the same neighborhood. This Mrs. —— promised her a dollar a week for her services; but after she had been there three weeks, she told her that she should give but sixty-two cents. Mary then requested the wages that were due to her, that she might go into the service of another family near by, who had offered her a dollar and a quarter a week. Mrs. —— declared that she should not leave till she had procured another servant; that she would not pay her a cent till another servant came, and that she would pay her only sixty-two cents a week from the beginning to the end of her stay.

This oppressive and altogether unjustifiable conduct excited Mary's resentment. Partly in anger, and partly from the idea that her employers intended to wrong her, she hid a silver can and some spoons in the wood-house. There is every reason to believe that she had no intention of stealing them, and she was not aware that such a step subjected her to the danger of a criminal prosecution. Mrs. —— was extremely exasperated; and, it is to be hoped, more under the influence of thoughtless anger than of deliberate cruelty, she caused the poor girl to be arrested. The silver was found where she confessed she had hid it, she was tried, convicted, and sentenced to Sing-Sing for two years.

A sense of the disgrace which her imprudence had brought on herself and family, and especially the anguish it would inflict on her mother's heart, completely broke the spirit of the poor sufferer.—Her sensitive nature could not bear up under the terrible struggle, and she sunk into a listless despair. She took extremely little nourishment, and obtained scarcely any sleep. It soon become evident that reason was giving way under the influence of perpetual grief, and that she was in danger of melancholy lunacy the remainder of her life. Her father, a venerable old soldier, who had been lamed in the British army, at the battle of Saragossa, came from Canada with an earnest petition in her behalf, backed with letters and certificates from magistrates and other people of influence and high respectability, testifying to the good character and conduct of Mary and her family. The cruel circumstances of the case being officially laid before the Governor, in connection with these certificates, he granted a pardon, and communicated the welcome intelligence to the afflicted father, in a letter which did him great honor. While I write this, my heart ejaculates, "May Heaven bless him!"

A letter from Eliza W. Farnham, the excellent matron of Sing-Sing prison, inquired of me whether the Prison Association could provide for this unfortunate creature, till such time as her father could come for her. I replied, that a suitable place had better be procured in the neighborhood of the prison, and the Association would pay her board till she could be restored to her home. As she was laboring under derangement of mind, and required some gentle restraint, it was difficult to procure a suitable place, and she was conveyed to the County House. Another letter from E. W. Farnham informed me of this, and expressed great anxiety on her account.—For four days she had tasted no food, nor obtained a single hour of sleep. The letter concluded by saying, "This, in addition to her previous exhaustion, must, if continued, soon produce death. She is exceedingly miserable, and my heart is sore at the thought of leaving so sensitive and shrinking a spirit, all unshielded as she is."

Unwilling she should remain in the County House an hour longer than was necessary, I started for Tarrytown the very day I received the letter. I had seen the poor child of misfortune at Sing-Sing, some months before, and my sympathy had been greatly excited in her behalf. She recollected me at once, and made no objection to returning with me to New-York. She was in such a delicate state of health, mind and body, that I could not bear to place her with strangers, who would feel no sympathy for her; and though it was inconvenient to receive her into my family, I thought it best, under the circumstances, to do so. We found her simple-hearted, unoffending, and grateful; easily guided, though somewhat troublesome, from the wanderings of her mind, and the highly excitable state of her nervous system. She expressed an earnest wish to see Bishop Hughes. I went for him, and I was pleased with the prompt and hearty cheerfulness with which he came to speak to her words of encouragement and consolation. She soon began to take nourishment, and during the four weeks that she remained under my roof, she continued to improve in health, though her mind still remained feeble and wandering. The female branch of the Prison Association having provided a home for the women convicts released from Sing-Sing, it was thought best that Mary should go there. A few days after she had left my roof her mother came for her. She appeared to be a respectable, worthy, hard-working woman. I conveyed her to her daughter, and it was truly affecting to witness their meeting. They threw themselves into each other's arms, wept, looked at each other, and wept again. On the eighth of this month, they departed together for their home in Canada, and it is hoped that time will gradually restore poor Mary to health and reason.

I have purposely avoided mentioning the name of the woman whose oppressive and harsh treatment occasioned the wreck of this poor, well-meaning girl, and such great distress to an innocent family. May the consequences of her proceedings teach her a lesson for the future. Not for the wealth of the Indies, would I do such an injury to a fellow-being.

From The Tribune.

LABOR IN NEW-YORK.

ITS CIRCUMSTANCES, CONDITIONS, AND REWARDS.

No. 1.—The Seamstresses.

There are in this city, according to the closest estimates that can be made, ten thousand women who exist on what they can earn by the needle. The following are the prices for which a majority of these females are compelled to work—they being such as are paid by the large depots for shirts and clothing in Chatham street and elsewhere.

For making common white and checked cotton shirts, six cents each. Common flannel undershirts, the same. These are cut in such a manner as to make ten seams in two pairs of sleeves. A common fast seamstress can make two of these shirts per day. Sometimes very swift hands, by working from sunrise to midnight, can make three. This is equal to seventy-five cents per week, (allowing nothing for holydays, sickness, accidents, being out of work, &c.) for the first class, and $1. 12 1-2 for the others.

Good cotton shirts, with linen bosoms, neatly stiched, are made for twenty-five cents. A good seamstress will make one in a day, thus earning $1.50 per week, by constant labor.

Fine linen shirts, with plaited bosoms, which cannot be made by the very best hand in less than fifteen to eighteen hours' steady work, are paid fifty cents each. Ordinary hands make one shirt of this kind in two days.

Duck trowsers, overalls, &c. eight and ten cents each. Drawers and undershirts, both flannel and cotton, from six to eight cents, at the ordinary shops, and 12 1-2 at the best. One garment is a day's work for some, others can make two.

Sattinet, cassimere and broadcloth pants, sometimes with gaiter bottoms and lined, from 18 to 30 cents per pair. One pair is a good day's work.

Vests 25 to 50 cents—the latter price paid only for work of the very best quality. Good hands make one a day.

Thin coats are made for 25 to 37 1-2 cents a piece.

Heavy pilot-cloth coats, with three pockets, $1 each. A coat of this kind cannot be made under three days.

Cloth roundabouts and pea-jackets, 25 to 50 cents. Three can be made in two days.

A great number of females are employed in making mens' and boys' caps. By constant labor fifteen or eighteen hours a day, they can make from 14 to 25 cents. We are told by an old lady who has lived by this kind of work a long time, that, when she begins at sunrise and works till midnight, she can earn 14 cents a day.

A large majority of these women are American born, from the great middle class of life, many of whom have once been in comfortable, and even affluent circumstances, and have been reduced by the death or bankruptcy of husbands and relatives, and other causes, to such straits. Many of them are the wives of ship-masters and other officers of vessels. Others are the widows of mechanics and poor men, and have children, aged mothers, and fathers, &c. to support, by their needle. Many have drunken husbands to add to their burdens and afflictions, and to darken every faint gleam of sunshine that domestic affection throws even into the humblest abode. Others have sick and bed-ridden husbands, or children, or perhaps have to endure the agony of receiving home a fallen daughter, or an outlawed son suddenly checked in his career of vice.

The manner in which these women live—the squalidness and unhealthy location and nature of their habitations—the inadequateness of their food and clothing—the impossibility of providing for any the slightest recreation or moral or intellectual culture, or of educating their children—can be easily imagined; but we assure the public that it would require an extremely active imagination to conceive the reality.

These women generally "keep house"—that is, they rent a single room, or perhaps two small rooms, in the upper story of some poor, ill-constructed, unventilated house, in a filthy street, constantly kept so by the absence of back yards, and the neglect of the Street Inspector—where a sickening and deadly miasm pervades the atmosphere, and in summer renders it totally unfit to be inhaled by human lungs, depositing the seeds of debility and disease with every inspiration. In these rooms all the processes of cooking, eating, sleeping, washing, working, and *living*, are indiscriminately performed.

For these rooms the tenants never pay less than three to four and a half dollars per month—and *pay* they must and do. Some of the very worst single garrets, destitute of closet or convenience of any kind, and perhaps lighted only by a hole cut in the roof, rent as low as two dollars a month. Of course every cent of the inmates' earnings is exhausted every week, and in many cases is not sufficient to buy any other food than a scanty supply of potatoes and Indian meal and molasses for the family. When winter comes, therefore, they are destitute of the means, not only of adding comfortable clothing to their wretched wardrobes, but of procuring an ounce of fuel. Their work, too, at this season, is frequently cut off, and they are left no resource but the Alms-house, or a pauper-ticket for bread and coal. Here, too, they are too often baulked. The Alms-house is full and overrunning—the public charities of all kinds are choking with the fierce assaults of shivering and famished beggary—what can these poor women do? We are truly told that when sometimes hunted out by the hand of private charity, they have been found so given over to hunger and despair at their repeated rebuffs from the Alms-house, or the over-driven Commissioners, that they had resolved to starve without further effort. Understand us not as censuring the directors or distributors of these public charities. At present we know nothing but that they do all they can. We shall come to the facts about them in due time.

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortmen of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail.

CHARLES WISE,
Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

Associated Agency.

Central Office, 20 Wall Street, (basement,) New-York.

THE attention of persons who are desirous of improving their condition in life, is respectfully invited to the following great bargains now offered in this office.

864 acres of land with improvements, in Lyonsdale, Lewis Co. N. Y. 40 miles north of Utica, with half of the immense water-power of High Falls, on Black River a large and never-failing stream, with sixty feet fall, with a saw-mill in operation. The whole, or a part will be sold Price for the whole only $12,000.

A farm of 750 acres of the best quality of land in Frederick Co. Virginia, 40 miles from Washington City, in a high state of cultivation, with superior buildings, including stock and farming utensils, for $25,000.

3,000 acres of valuable land in Luzerne Co. Pennsylvania, with improvements, water-power, &c. for $37,500

A large portion of the Town of Mount Carmel, Wabash Co. Illinois, with extensive tracts of land in the vicinity, including two villages, with Houses, Lots, Ferries Coal-Banks, and an abundance of water-power. Water communication by way of the lakes to New-York, and by the Mississippi to New Orleans.

A part of the town of Toolesborough, Louisa Co. Iowa, on the River Mississippi, with several thousand acres of land adjoining.

8,660 acres of first-rate rolling land in Lincoln Co. Missouri, on the Mississippi, 1,000 acres Prarie, the balance timbered land. Price $5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, very favorably situated in Hampshire Co. Virginia, at $2 an acre.

40,000 acres of choice selected land in Michigan, at $1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, Perry Co. will be sold, a great bargain.

60,000 acres, in Fentriss Co. Tennessee, in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, of good farming land with Iron, Coal, Saltpetre, Epsom Salts, Copperas, and water-power.

214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cock, Sevier and Blount counties, Tennessee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

Several of the above tracts of land are peculiarly adapted to the settlement of industrial Associations.

Also, for sale in this office, a great variety of Farms, Mills, Houses, Town-Lots, &c. in the different Counties of the States of New-York and New Jersey, and in all the Western States and Territories, at the lowest market prices, and with warranted title.

Having 26 Branch offices in the West, 9 in New England, and 4 in Europe, our Associated Agency offers the greatest facilities to persons wishing to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate. All such are invited to command our services.

A principal object of the Association is, to put in practical operation a plan, by which persons wishing to purchase Real Estate of any description, may, with the least possible delay, trouble, or expense, be informed where they can find property for sale, adapted to their circumstances and wants; and by which the seller and, the buyer may be brought together, to make such transactions as may be mutually beneficial.

We have already a rich Register of property for sale to which we invite the attention of those who wish to purchase Real Estate of any description, or in any pa r of the country.

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Agency for sale of the Recipe for the genuine Berlin Hams, superior to Westphalias.

Agency for procuring Loans on Bond and Mortgage.

BUFFUM & Co.
Basement Office, 20 Wall Street
November 28, 1844.—tf.

PHILADELPHIA ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.

No. 31, North Fifth street.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard, will be issued regularly from this office, on Thursday of every week.

TERMS—the same as in New-York; i. e. $2,00 a year if paid in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

$10,00, in advance, will pay for six copies for one year, sent to one address; and $30,00 will pay for twenty copies.

A full assortment of anti-slavery publications is kept constantly on hand. Also, a handsome variety of miscellaneous books, and useful and fancy stationery.

All letters relating to the business of the office should be directed to *J. Miller McKim*, No. 31 North Fifth st.

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